

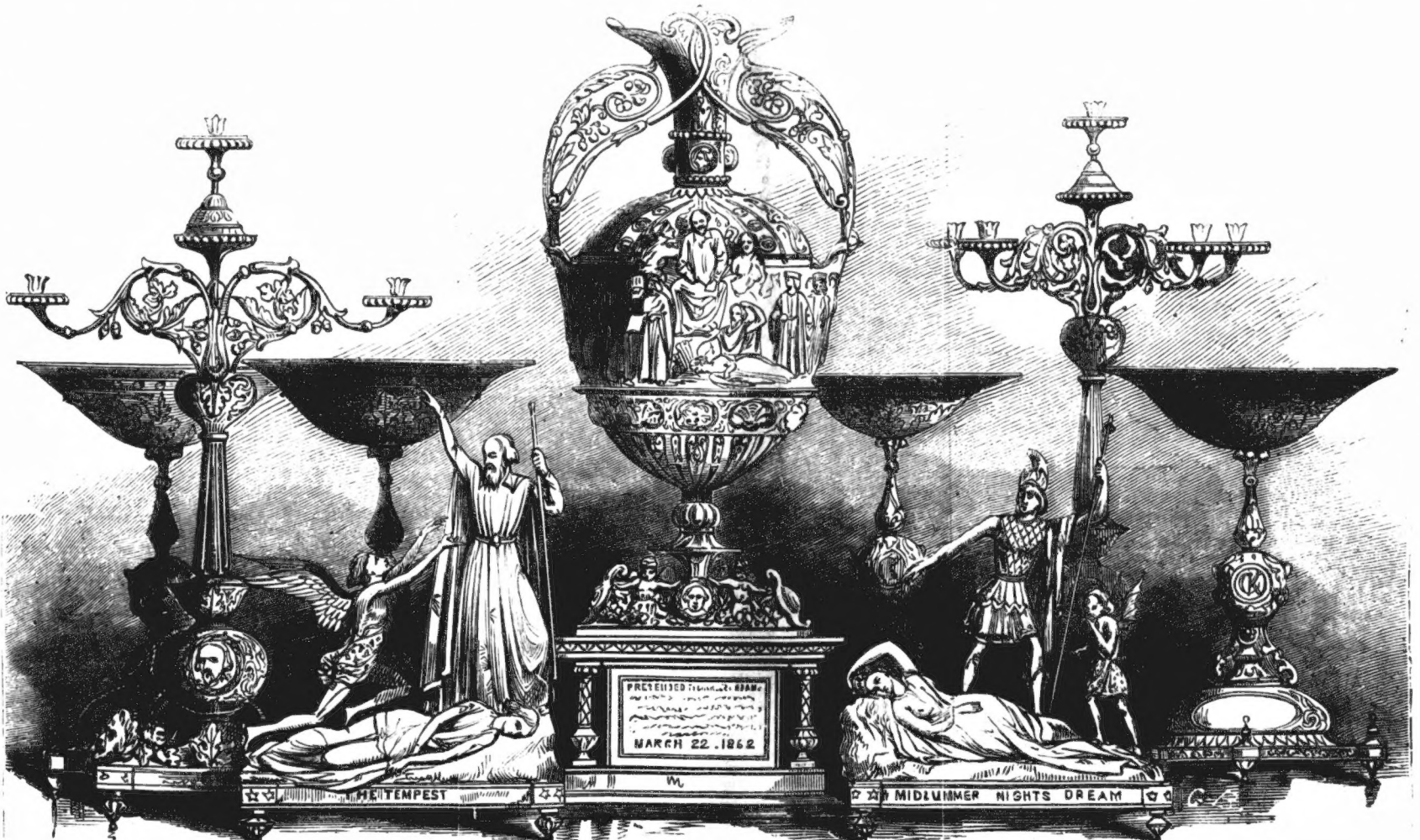
# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 332.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1868.

[ONE PENNY.]



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN AND TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED IN 1862.



## COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE first edition of the Queen's diary, which consisted of 150,000 copies, is already nearly sold off.

ACCORDING to accounts received in town from Knowsley, the Earl of Derby continues to improve in health.

THE Queen has been pleased to appoint Lord Egerton Lord Lieutenant of Cheshire in the place of the Marquis of Westminster, who has resigned.

THE following nominations of associates of the Royal Academy have been made:—P. C. Hardwick, E. Welby Pugin, W. Burgess, Thomas Wyatt, and Charles Barry. There are two vacancies.

EARL BEAUCHAMPE'S marriage to Lady Mary Stanhope next month is to be celebrated by great rejoicings in Worcester and the neighbourhood of Madresfield Court, the noble earl's residence. The tenants of his lordship have subscribed £200 at one meeting; and a committee, consisting of Sir Edmund Lechmere, M.P., and the leading citizens of Worcester, has been formed to consider the best means of celebrating the marriage.

ON Saturday notice was given that the Court of Arches would sit to hear the case of "Flamank v. Simpson" on Feb. 5, and continue to sit till it was completed. The case is to be heard before judgment can be given in "Martin v. Mackenochie." The Church Association, of which Mr. J. Murray Dale is the solicitor, prosecutes, and Mr. Brooks appears to defend for the English Church Union. It is probable that the cases will not be decided much before Easter.

THE President of St. John's College, Oxford, has announced the foundation at that society of four scholarships of the value of £90 per annum and tenable for four years, known as the "Caesard Scholarships," open to all members of the college who have been resident in college for one year at least, and are not upon any foundation; also a "Holme scholarship," tenable for four years, value £100 per annum, and entirely free from all restriction of age. The examination for the latter will commence March 3, but only one of the former will be competed for every year, and that in the October term. The election to the five scholarships, &c., at Exeter College has been altered to February 22.

AN interesting gathering of Australian colonists now in England took place on Saturday to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the first British settlement in Australasia, Sir W. Denison, K.C.B., in the chair. The principal speakers were the chairman, the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Corry, M.P., Sir C. Nicholson, &c. The increase of the wealth and population of this important part of the British empire, its loyalty, as just displayed by its enthusiastic reception of Prince Alfred, and the noble way in which it always rallied round the old country when any appeal was made to it, like the Patriotic Fund, to which Australia and New Zealand contributed £170,000, were the principal topics of the eloquence of the speakers.

DR. HUGH McNEILE, referring to a statement which appeared in the *Guardian* that "he was present and communicated on Sunday at the high celebration at St. Alban's, Holborn," writes:—"I am not afraid of Mr. O'Connell's maxim for defamation in this case. 'Throw mud enough and some of it will stick,' said the agitator. I am thankful to think that against a charge of Romanising I am mud-proof. I have not been in London since November. You will oblige me by adding to this that I am so conscientiously persuaded that what is called the high celebration at St. Alban's, Holborn, is idolatry, that I could no more consent to share in it than I could be wilfully guilty of Sabbath-breaking, adultery, or theft."

FOR above 200 years the Lords Scroopes, of Upsall and Masham, numbering in their ranks earls, ambassadors, archbishops, chief justices, and knights of the Garter, lived at their castle at Upsall, three miles from Thirsk. The last authentic resident we have proof of who lived at Upsall Castle, was John Constable, a firm Royalist during the Commonwealth, when, in his exile, the castle is supposed to have fallen into ruins. In the present memory of man, backed by local histories, that castle, with very slight exceptions, has remained a mass of incoherent ruins. Under the superintendence of Mr. G. Goldie, Captain Turton, the owner, has built a large range of farmsteads, built for labourers' houses, gardens, hothouses, and vinerias. The workmen are now engaged upon clearing away the mass of rubbish, preparatory to a new mansion being erected on the site of the old castle. In doing this, even so far, the workmen have laid bare part of an old wall, of large sized dressed blocks. Each block has its "mason's mark," different and various. A Gothic-headed carved doorway has also been found. Whether the joints were mortared is doubtful; but a strong, heavy, iron clamp, bedded inside the joints, and run with lead is to every stone. Parts of a fine tracery window have been found; also several coins—a shilling of Queen Elizabeth, a penny of George I., a bottle of Charles I., a silver penny of Edward III., and several copper coins of Carausius, the founder of the British fleet. Weather permitting, the excavations will proceed, and doubtless other antiquarian relics will be turned up. The castle has formerly covered a vast area. The Scroopes, of Danby, are now asserting their claims before the House of Lords for the title of Lords Scroopes, of Bolton, with its earldom, &c. These Scroopes of Bolton were a senior branch of the Scroopes of Upsall.

THE annual dinner of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce took place on Friday at Sheffield, Mr. C. Atkinson, the re-elected president in the chair. Among the company were Mr. J. A. Roebuck, M.P.; the Master Cutler, Mr. Mark Firth; the Mayor, Mr. J. Webster; the American consul, Mr. G. J. Abbot, and other gentlemen.—Mr. Roebuck, in responding to the toast of "The Borough Members," after a few introductory remarks, said—"When the present Government came into office I made to myself one resolution. Since that time when Lord Russell found that the doctrine of finality would not keep the Whigs in power, he hunched a new doctrine, and that was Reform in Parliament. From that time to this we have been pestered with that subject, and I made a resolution to myself, having got Lord Derby once again into power, that if it were possible I would screw out of him a real Reform of Parliament. It always appeared to me certain that the Whigs could not carry a second Reform Bill. I stated so in 1859, and I was hoisted and yelled at in this very town because I so stated; and in the House of Commons I recollect pointing across the house and saying, 'that noble lord,' pointing to Lord Palmerston, 'will hardly ever bring in a Reform Bill, and certainly will never carry one.' My words proved true. Time went on. I steadily supported the bill, and what, sir, has been the result? Why we have got a more liberal bill than ever Whigs proposed. We have got a bill that has even frightened the persons who proposed it. It has not frightened me. We shall find now what the great people of England really mean; and as I have got confidence in the right-heartedness of my own countrymen, I have no dread of the future. I have no dread of my countrymen, but now they (the Whigs) wail and whine, and say, 'Oh, those people have done what they never intended to do—all the good they have done we ought to have done. Those people are not Reformers. We are the Reformers. This is a business to which they are not accustomed—you may see it by the great good they have done.' They have done good, but not for the first time in their party's history they have carried Liberal measures. Who carried the resumption of cash payments? Sir Robert Peel. Who carried Catholic Emancipation? Sir Robert Peel. Who carried free trade and the repeal of the corn laws? Sir Robert Peel. All this was done by a Tory administration; and then I am told I can get no good out of these people."

## HOME AND DOMESTIC.

The *Times* announced a marriage on the 23rd ult. at Christ-Church, Albany-street, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Philip Thresher, of Fareham, Hants, *unassisted*.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works, in purchasing the property required to be pulled down in order to form the new street from Blackfriars-bridge to the Mansion House, has paid the Eagle Insurance Company for their leasehold offices at the corner of the Poultry and Charlotte-row the sum of £64,000; the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company has received £5,300 for freehold land and building on the south side of Earl-street, and £168 9s. 8d. for interest on the same.

ON Friday, in the Wolverhampton County Court, a publican named George Wall was tried by a jury of twelve, charged with having "removed, sold, or embezzled a portion of his property." He had alleged that he was robbed of £130 to £140 on the night after the close of the last Wolverhampton races, and therefore had to petition the Court as a bankrupt. Police-officers who examined his premises were satisfied that no robbery had taken place. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment.

AT Southampton, before the county divisional magistrates, Nathaniel Landon and James Barry were summoned by the chief constable of Hampshire for being the principals in a prize fight on Friday week, between that town and Chandler's Ford, a station on the South Western Railway, on which the combatants and their friends arrived from London. Charles Light, an innkeeper in the neighbourhood, and Nat Langham were also summoned for aiding and abetting the fighters. The details of the case were not gone into on the defendants entering into their recognizances of £50 each to keep the peace for six months. Landon, who was the victor in the fight, was afterwards locked up by the borough police for being drunk and disorderly in that town, and was brought before the borough magistrates and fined.

THE following is a copy of the official report of the wreck of the Prussian barque *Die Sonne*:—"When blowing a furious hurricane yesterday (the 22nd ult.), a report reached me (the officer of Coast-guard) that a vessel was drifting ashore to the eastward of Cudden Point. I at once ordered the rocket apparatus belonging to the Penzance and Prussia Cove stations to proceed to the spot she was drifting for, and on my arrival at Praed Sands, where the vessel was lying stranded with a tremendous sea breaking over her, I found that the Prussia Cove apparatus had thrown a line over her, and the hawser was secured on board. Just at this time, the breeches buoy being half-way on board, the vessel gave a heavy surge and slackened the hawser, fouling it and the whip round the fluke of the anchor. One of the vessel's crew went down to clear it, but was washed away in the attempt; after which her crew made no further exertion, although three or four lines were thrown over her with beautiful precision. We could see one man with the rocket line round his waist, but he appeared to be entangled in the wreck, and could not extricate himself. The vessel was now fast breaking up, and every sea washed some of the men off, two only of which were washed on shore alive. The life-boat was also brought round by land, but unfortunately too late to be of service. The vessel proved to be the Prussian barque *Die Sonne*, of Pillau, with a crew of ten men and two Sicily pilots on board, and a cargo of coals, bound to Barcelona. The two pilots were lost with eight of the crew."

UNDER the heading of "A Strike in the Kitchen," the *British Times* publishes the following story:—"A novel strike has lately taken place in Dorsetshire. The servants of one of the gentlemen who represent the county in Parliament having come to the conclusion that they were ill-used, decided to give their employer notice that unless things were altered in accordance with their views, they should all leave. About thirty of them requested permission to wait upon him and explain their grievances. As his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge was about to visit the squire, the request was granted, and the deputation was received with form. The spokesman having intimated that their grievances had relation to the food supplied to the servants, a conversation ensued very much as follows:—"Let me see," said the employer, "I believe you have eggs and bacon, toast, bread and butter, tea, and coffee for breakfast! Is it not so?" The ill-used people replied that such was the case. "And at lunch time, I think bread and cheese and ale are always on the table?" "Yes," was again the reply. "And for dinner you get hot joints and pastry; do you not?" The fact was admitted. "Do you not have toast and bread and butter for tea? and meat or bread and cheese, with ale, for supper?" The reply was in the affirmative. "Then what in the name of all that is reasonable, do you want more?" The spokesman, in the name of his fellow-servants, thought they ought to be allowed to have mutton chops or beef steaks, at their discretion, for breakfast, and plainly stated that unless their request was granted they should all leave the house. This, of course, was out of the question. Where was another set of servants to be had? The bother was not to be thought of, and the point was conceded. Consequently the poor ill-used people who reside at the squire's house will have the sad monotony of eggs and bacon, toast and bread and butter, broken by hot steaks and chops, flavoured, of course, with the most delicious sauces."

THE man, Robert Low, pensioner, appeared before the county bench of magistrates at Cambridge on Saturday on remand, on suspicion of being the party who committed the murderous outrage upon the poor man Williams on the Swansea-road on the 23rd ult. The additional evidence produced was the following:—Richard How, coprolite digger, was at the Wheatsheaf, at Castle-end, on the afternoon of the Thursday after Christmas-day (the day the outrage was committed). The prisoner came in there between three and four o'clock, and had a half-pint of beer. Ann King, lodging at How House (a tavern about two miles out, on the Huntingdon-road), said she saw the prisoner standing on the pavement just at the entrance to Cambridge on the Thursday afternoon. On the next day (Friday) Low called at How House, and had some beer and some gin. He paid the landlady 1s. 11d., which had been owing some time. He took the money out of a dirty-looking purse, which answers the description of Williams's. There was other money in the purse, both gold and silver. (Low was known to have been almost penniless just before, and had been forgiven by the landlord of his cottage at Gilton the quarter's rent due at Christmas, on condition of his giving up quiet possession).—Mrs. Lofts, the landlady of How House, said Low entered her house the Friday after Christmas-day. He was not sober. She told him, on his asking for some beer, that he did not want any more. He said he did, and could pay for it. She told him that he owed her one shilling and elevenpence, and he gave her two florins to pay it. She gave him back two shillings and a penny. He remained in the house drinking for about three hours, but conversed with no one.—Charles Hall, a youth, proved seeing a horse and cart, similar to that of deceased's, go by the Wheatsheaf on the Thursday afternoon.—Barker, of Oakington, said that she met Williams's horse and cart on the Thursday afternoon on the Huntingdon-road. It was between the King William and the Long-stanton (or Swansea) road, but she could not say who was in it.—The prisoner was remanded. It was stated that Mr. Williams appears to be progressing towards recovery. He is conversable at times, and recollects matters prior to the day of the assault, but on any question being put to him with regard to the attack his memory appears to fail him. His medical attendants, however, have strong hopes of his ultimate recovery.

## METROPOLITAN.

ON Friday, Dr. Harley, of Haverstock-hill, was crossing the Hawley-road, driving a pair of spirited horses, when a train on the North-London line suddenly rushed across the bridge. The parapet is so low that the horses could see the engine and train, and one of the animals, a spirited mare, started off at a frightful pace, imparting its alarm to the other horse. Dr. Harley lost all control over his horses, but his groom, who jumped down, assisted by some roadmen, succeeded in stopping the horses. The mare, who got her feet over the traces, was so much injured that it is feared she will have to be killed.

THE wholesale City tea dealers have instituted a prosecution under the Bankruptcy Act of 1861 against certain recent bankrupts who have been obtaining goods to a large amount, no less than £2,000, fraudulently. The 221st section of the Act makes it an offence for any trader within three months of the filing of his petition to have obtained any goods upon credit, otherwise than in the bona fide transactions of his regular trade or business. The two persons accused, Messrs. Hannah and Patterson, have, it is alleged, carried on a systematic scheme of fraud in contravention of this clause. The case has been partly opened at the Mansion House, and the prisoners remanded.

THE special services at St. Paul's were continued last Sunday, the congregation being the largest of the present series. The Rev. T. S. Simpson intoned the prayers, the Rev. Canon Melvill read the lessons. Mr. Goss's anthem "O, praise the Lord" was sung after the third collect, and, owing probably to its being familiar to the choir, it was very excellently rendered. The Rev. W. M. Fallou, of Liverpool, preached a very able sermon on the value and necessity of Christian principles as the guide of conduct through life. A familiar hymn—"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing"—was again chosen for the conclusion, and the heartiness with which the tune was joined in was very impressive.—To-morrow (Sunday) the sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Parry, head master of Cheltenham College.

AN Italian seaman named Morelli, has been again brought before Mr. Paget, at the Thames Police-office, charged with the wilful murder of John Hendille, a mulatto seaman. The deceased was drunk and quarrelsome at a public-house called the Prussian Eagle in Ratcliff-highway and insulted the prisoner, who thereupon drew his knife. The landlord interfered, and told Morelli that that sort of thing was not allowed in England. The row was renewed out of doors, when the deceased was fatally stabbed. The prisoner, on being called on for his defence, admitted stabbing deceased, who, he declared, had also drawn a knife, and that he did it in terror for his own life. He was committed for trial on the capital charge. The coroner's jury had returned a verdict of manslaughter only.

AT present the efforts of Sir H. Stork and Major-General Balfour have been restricted to inquiring into and endeavouring to adjust the anomalies that exist in the War Office. The audit branch has been under inspection, and we (*United Service Gazette*) are glad to learn that instead of confining themselves to examining the chiefs in the branch, they have, like practical men, gone to the practical men, and personally questioned one and all engaged upon the duties of the accounts. We are informed that so far from finding fault with anything in the audit branch, both the officers have expressed their satisfaction of the state of things, and that they are inclined to accept the suggestions we offered the other day, to conduct, as far as possible with existing circumstances, the audit of the accounts on the spot.

THE Central Criminal Court commenced its sittings for January on Monday. There were 83 prisoners in the calendar, but the only sensational case comprised in it was that of Sir Gideon Eardley Culling Eardley, Baronet, charged with bigamy. Mr. Eardley, it appears, in December, 1859, had married an American lady, at New York, and his father had settled upon her £1,500 a year. On succeeding to the title, in 1863, by the death of his father, he made some attempts to be reconciled to his wife, from whom he had been (through his own misconduct) some time separated. She refused to have anything to do with him, and he thereupon assumed that the marriage was invalid, under the American laws. In September, 1867, he contracted a second marriage to a Miss Allen, at St. George's, Hanover-square, about which, it appears, there was no concealment, since it was advertised in the London papers, and at once brought about a prosecution from the friends of the first wife. The marriage in America was proved to be legal, and Sir Gideon was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.

ON Saturday, at the Mansion House justice room, Michael Gough, or Coffey, 17, bookbinder, was charged, before the Lord Mayor and Mr. Alderman Causton, with affixing a paper relating to Fenianism upon the wall of the Mansion House without the consent of the owner or occupier. Subjoined is a copy of the document:—

"I. R.  
"Erin-go-bragh,  
"God save Ireland.  
"Irishmen!

"Another name is inscribed in the glory roll of Erin's heroic martyrs. The pure-minded Duffy has been done to death! Irishmen of London! of England! Your enemies now publicly appeal to you to aid them in oppressing our unfortunate (as yet) country. Will you silently submit to this insult to your name, to your nation? (For we are yet unconquered). Will you tamely take the bait laid for you by British craft? Shall the blood which has flowed for centuries have been shed in vain? Be not deceived! They would use you to propagate disunion amongst us, and when you have served them you would be discarded as worthless. You have been told plainly that it is useless begging for your rights any longer. What, then, shall we do? Rise manfully. Unite, Irishmen. Let no petty discord blight your hopes. Press forward fearlessly in the path of freedom. Let there be no vile truckling with the enemy. Liberate our land. Behold a regenerated Ireland. Strangle the British lion, the bugbear of savage potentates, in his own gory ensign, and proclaim to the world that you are free. To those Irishmen who, through timidity or for their own interest forget their ancestry, we say:—

"Knives and traitors, stand aside;  
"Cowards, curs, your heads go hide.  
"Slaves and dastards fag au bealac!  
"God save the Green."

The prisoner, who did not deny his guilt, was remanded.

A BAD NAME.—It appears that more than one renegade Napoleonist was guilty of the indecency of affixing the cross of the Legion of Honour to his horse's tail. Just now Baron Hausmann is about to re-name one of the best known streets in Paris—the Rue des Vieux Augustins—which he has decided to call the Rue d'Argent. "Nobody seemed to know whence this name was derived, and inquiries were set on foot in the newspapers which resulted in communications from the learned on matters appertaining to the First Empire and the Restoration, showing that M. d'Argent had been a functionary of State under Napoleon I., a peer of France at the revolution of July, Governor of the Bank of France under Louis Philippe, and at the revolution of February, 1848, one of the first to pay his court to the Provisional Government at the Hotel de Ville. It also transpired that, not content with deserting the cause of the Emperor at the return of the Bourbons in 1815, he tied, as before stated, the cross which Napoleon had conferred upon him to his horse's tail, and publicly burnt the tricolor flag in front of the Hotel de Ville at Grenoble.

\* Another way of spelling "Faugh-a-bullagh," or clear the way.



## PROVINCIAL.

NIGHT PATROLS are maintained with particular assiduity in several towns of the county of Tipperary.

AN attorney's clerk named W. Herne, a Fenian head-centre, arrested on Saturday evening at Waterford.

SEVEN cwt. of gunpowder has been taken from the house of a merchant named Cleary, of Newport, by Fenians. The police have arrested twelve.

CHARLES McNAMARA, a working hatter of Dublin, has been arrested at Londonderry on a Lord Lieutenant's warrant on a Fenian charge, and conveyed back to Dublin to be placed in Kilmainham Gaol.

THE Plymouth police have arrested John Daly, a private of the Royal Marines, who stands charged with being a Fenian leader at Galway. He is said to have been concerned in the plot to destroy the Canopus; he is also reported to have told his comrades that he would join the Fenians, but not unless he took office as a colonel.

THE storm of Friday in Scotland appears to have passed over the entire of the Lowlands, and to have been very destructive. Two lives were lost in Glasgow by the roof of a private house being blown in, and four at Edinburgh by the fall of a stack of chimneys, which passed through five "flats," and also injured several other persons. The damage to property is immense.

ON Saturday an inquest was held at Great Yarmouth on the bodies of Mrs. Pigg and her two children, who were burnt to death on Friday morning. The husband and the father of the deceased was a hosiery in the Market-row, and his house accidentally took fire. His wife might have escaped, but was overwhelmed by the falling building while endeavouring to save her children. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned. Mr. Pigg's stock had been insured for some years, but the policy had lately elapsed through the non-payment of the premium. Several other houses adjacent were also damaged.

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN enjoys a popularity in Cork which appears to have induced him to prolong his stay there. He is cheered by the populace whenever he emerges from his hotel, and manifests his enjoyment of these greetings. From the lectures he is preparing to deliver in Cork and other Irish towns he will, he states, strictly exclude everything of a political character, "and will only rely on the extraordinary incidents of his remarkable life and travels to interest and amuse his audience." The Dublin "National" organs refer to his case but slightly, the Nation thinking that "the National Exchequer will hear more of the matter."

At the Birmingham Police-court, on Saturday, Thomas Chambers, a sausage maker, was charged with having 41lb. of diseased pork in his possession. Chambers is a sausage maker in a large way of business, having a steam engine and two sausage machines. The sanitary inspector suspected that diseased meat was used. He watched for five hours till the steam engine was set to work. He then entered the place and found 41lb. of trichinosis pork about to be converted into sausages. Chambers blamed the butcher (Horton, Bull-ring, Birmingham), and the butcher blamed his wife. The magistrates ordered the meat to be destroyed—a decision which is not open to objection on the ground of severity.

ABOUT six o'clock on the morning of the 16th ult. the barque Vanda, of Jersey, bound for Glasgow, drove ashore about a mile from the coast-guard station at Poor Head, county Cork. The weather was thick with rain, and it was blowing fresh from the SW. by S. The coast-guard, who had just gone to rest (having been up night and day since the evening of the 12th ult., guarding the wreck of the steam ship Chicago, which had stranded near the same spot), quickly assembled, and proceeded with the rocket apparatus to the assistance of the barque's crew. A communication having been effected by means of a rocket thrown over the vessel the whole of the crew (14 persons) were conveyed safely ashore in about fifty minutes. Shortly afterwards the vessel commenced breaking up, and soon became a total wreck.

THE Agricultural Gangs Act, which came into operation at the commencement of this year, is not likely to remain a dead letter in the fen districts. At the last sitting of the March magistrates—March, it may be observed, is midway between Ely and Peterborough—upwards of thirty licences were granted to the gang-masters and gang-mistresses. The magistrates at the same time limited the distance within which children are to be allowed to travel on foot to their work every day as not exceeding three miles from the residence of each child. The licences granted continue in force for six months only, and before they are renewed, the applicants must satisfy the magistrates that they are persons of good character and fit to be entrusted with the management of an agricultural gang.

THE chapter of the Dublin Freeman's Journal "Church Commissioners" deals with the United Dioceses of Tuam, Kildare, and Achonry, the district where the Protestant missionary societies (to Roman Catholics) have for years chiefly operated. Eleven of its clergymen are stated to be on the foundation of the Church Missions Society. The amount expended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners on Church fabrics between 1834 and 1865 in the three dioceses is stated to have been £59,144 12s. 3d. The Freeman's Journal disputes the correctness of statements by the Bishop of Winchester, Canon Wordsworth, Archdeacon Stopworth, the Rev. Mr. Garnett, and Archdeacon Trench, respecting the increase of Protestantism in this western locality. "After more than a quarter of a century of missionary labours the Anglicans have now an absolute decrease of numbers from 21,765 in 1834 to 17,167 in 1861." The Freeman's Journal accounts for the failure of the missions by alleging that "the most sacred articles of the Catholic faith are described in ribald doggerel," and among the "handbills" distributed it gives as a specimen one called "The Tuam Mission-house Song," with the air of the "Shan van Vocht," of which a verse, as given in the Freeman's Journal, is this:—

They told us they could make,  
Says the Shan van Vocht,  
Their Maker from a cake,  
Says the Shan van Vocht,  
And thus they tried to joke us  
With their magic hocus pocus,  
Till to their yoke they broke us,  
Says the Shan van Vocht.

"This is a mild specimen," says the Journal, "of the missionary agencies originated by the late Bishop of Tuam, approved of by the Primate, endorsed by the present person occupant of the see, the street singers of which are protected by the public force of the country, and alas! for his intellect, the object and use of which are approved by the present Archbishop of Dublin. The singing of this and similar productions by Archdeacon Stopworth's proselytized ballad-singers in fairs and markets—the minstrelsy of the mission—the scattering of it and similar insulting productions in the highways and byways, and the sending of them in envelopes to the archbishops, bishops, deans, and priests of the Catholic Church, are the services rendered by the 'Established Church' to the Catholic people of these dioceses for the large endowments conferred on that important institution by a State that claims the affections and is by law entitled to the loyalty of Irish Catholics." The Freeman's Journal also states the "average cost per family of every Anglican in these dioceses as £8 6s. 6d. per annum," and "in a group of fourteen benefits the average cost is £37 5s. 6d. per family."

## FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

WE have telegraphic news of the Abyssinian expedition to the 13th ult. At that date stores were rapidly arriving at Senafé, but no movement beyond that place had been made. News that the captives were in good health had been received.

THE Italian Government has been successful in passing the first portion of the budget through the Chamber of Deputies. That body, on Saturday, finally approved of the revenue budget by 201 votes against 87. The Chamber also passed the first fifteen articles of the budget of expenditure.

THE Patrie believes it may state that M. Magne's report upon the financial condition of France is ready, and will be published on Monday or Tuesday next. A loan will be proposed, without, however, the amount or period of issue being fixed. The Patrie is of opinion that the amount of the loan will be 400,000,000.

MIRAMAR, which has come into the possession of the Emperor of Austria, has been put under the care of the Mexican vice-consul for Trieste. The cost of maintaining the building and grounds will be defrayed from the privy purse of the Emperor of Austria. Thirty thousand florins yearly are to be put aside for the purpose. Lacroma, an old abbey on an island not far from Ragusa, will also henceforth belong to the Imperial Austrian family.

THE responsible editors of ten Paris newspapers were tried on Saturday for publishing a summary of the debates in the Corps Legislatif. They were found guilty, and sentenced each to a fine of 1,000 francs, or six months' imprisonment. M. de la Guéronniere, in a very sensible letter in La France, looks on the sentence as implying an excessive and impracticable restriction, and is of opinion that it would be better to have absolute prohibition; he adds that as regards the Government the prosecution was an error which all sensible men deplore.

RECENTLY before the Colombo Criminal Sessions a case of desecration of a Mohammedan mosque, popularly known as the "Great Pig Case," was brought to a close. Eight half-castes and Cingalese were charged with having forcibly made their way into a Mohammedan mosque at Barbeyn, and deposited a dead pig on the pulpit where the priest officiates. A Mohammedan priest gave evidence that the mosque was defiled by the presence of the pig, and that they were in straits about what was to be done to purify it, and were about to write to Mecca for advice. Six of the eight prisoners were sentenced each to a year's imprisonment with hard labour and a fine of £50.

It was said that Vice-Admiral Von Tegethoff is to be made admiral, and put in command of the whole Austrian naval department. This is an appointment which would, at all events, ensure the efficiency of the fleet. He would be the right man in the right place, for he is active, resolute, and determined to do what he has undertaken. He is a man of singular modesty, and though in presence of the foe he demands of all engaged with him the same reckless disregard of life which he himself evinces, he is in social life a very pattern of mildness and gentleness. He is daring to a fault, but happily he is smiled on by Fortune, who seems to love, as women always do, the impetuous and the bold. More than once she has shown how warmly she favours him, and she claims him for herself, as her own beloved child.

A CORRESPONDENT in America writes:—The track of the Union Pacific Railway has been laid to a point 549 miles west of Omaha, and is now said to be "down" within ten miles of the rocky mountain range known as the "Black Hills." It is probable that the truth will some time be made known concerning the manner in which this road has been managed. One fact may be mentioned at this time. The track is laid loosely, and with no view to permanence, the object of the contractors being to secure the Government subsidy as soon as possible. The road has been built with Government funds, in fact; before it can be made secure or profitable it must be re-laid over at least half its length. If any proof were wanting of the real weakness of the road, it might be found in the sensational advertisements with which every considerable newspaper in the country is favoured by the direction. Capitalists who have valuable stock on their hands do not advertise it in the "loud" manner of the Anglo-Bengalee Life Insurance or Gunpowder and Fresh-water Delivery Company.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Paris:—"A small surprise was afforded us. When the Emperor had expressed his satisfaction, when he had announced to the Marquis de Caux that he should retain his appointment as equerry to the Emperor, and had accorded him a leave of absence for fifteen months—when the Marquis's marriage with Mademoiselle Patti had been fixed for the 15th of July—we heard that the whole affair was irrevocably broken off. The same day Patti was prevented by indisposition from appearing at the Italiens. A host of stories circulate as to the reason of the rupture; but, as a pretty child's journal tells us this week, we have two ears and one mouth in order to hear much and speak little; so we will listen until the clang of voices is calmed, and then give the true version of the case. Meanwhile, her sister Carlotta Patti is winning immense success on her tour in France. Monsieur Ullman must have undoubtedly discovered the infallible secret of 'impresarioism,' for after the close of the Exhibition season, at a time of stagnation in the provinces, he has found means to realise magnificent receipts and wonderful successes with his Concerts Patti. It is true that he has associated in his enterprise artists of high merit, his list being headed by the names of Carlotta Patti and Vieuxtemps; but his expenses are enormous, for he pays his artists royally, and treats them everywhere in a princely manner."

## RUSSIAN POLICY IN THE EAST.

Russia has been at last induced to postpone for a time the active advancement of her traditional policy in the East. This result is mainly due to the firmness and good sense of Lord Stanley. He was the first to make a stand during the recent crisis in favour of Turkey, and had the courage for some months to venture upon a policy which had the temporary effect of isolating Great Britain from the other Great Powers, who all combined in their diplomatic efforts to persuade the Porte to give up her sovereign rights over Crete. In reality Russia was in no position to undertake hostilities; and the haughty tone which she thought proper to assume towards her neighbour on the Bosphorus was not in any way whatever justified by her power or resources. Meantime Austria got frightened. In fair weather she had not been indisposed to express a little romantic sympathy as to the wrongs of the Levantine Christians, and the two Emperors are understood to have had a very interesting conversation on the subject when they met at Salzburg last year. But these fanciful notions were impossible in the face of real danger, and Austria has so large a Slav population that the preservation of the integrity of the Ottoman empire against the designs of Russia is a question of vital importance for her. She, therefore, somewhat hastily changed her policy. Prussia, also, having apparently contemplated the possibility of an approaching war with France, and for diplomatic reasons supported the pretensions of the Court of St. Petersburg; but recently M. Bismarck has re-considered the whole question, and he too has given in his adhesion to the just and upright policy of England. Finally, therefore, it has happened that Russia, feeling herself completely isolated, and deprived of physical and moral help in every direction, has been forced for a time to abandon all political intrigue in the East. Thus at last there seems fair reason to hope that the integrity of the Ottoman empire is secured beyond the probability of any present or proximate perils; and the year which commenced under circumstances that occasioned so many doubts and fears seems already to be brightening in its aspect.—Post.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## BALLAD CONCERTS.

If the Parisians possess many more operatic establishments than we can boast of—especially just now, when London has none at all—we quite outnumber them in the matter of concert, sacred and secular, classical and miscellaneous. Classical concerts are very much in fashion at present, and with the diffusion of musical knowledge will doubtless become more fashionable—perhaps, in recollection of Mr. Arthur Chappell's Monday evenings, we should say more and more "popular" every year. Those who can appreciate the finest quartet music attend the Monday Popular Concerts as hearers; while even those who only aspire to the reputation of being able to appreciate such music like to be seen at them. Thus two classes of persons are appealed to—or, at least, one class with its numerous hangers-on. Ballad concerts, which now take place at St. James's Hall nearly every Wednesday under the direction of Mr. John Boosey, with Mr. J. L. Hatton as conductor, are in many respects the direct opposite of classical concerts. Not that a ballad may not be a classical composition, as those vainly imagine who believe classicality in music to be a mere question of form. But in classical concerts as a rule, and taking the "Monday Populars" as the most familiar type, the songs count for little, the singers for less, the words of the songs for nothing at all. At the ballad concerts, on the other hand, the songs are everything; and songs are sometimes re-demanded solely for the sake of the words and of the singer's manner of delivering them. Thus we have heard "The Vicar of Bray," with its dozen verses or more, re-demanded, certainly not for any charm to be found in the music, but entirely for the fun and satire of the poetry. What must an entertainment at which "The Vicar of Bray" could be encored appear to one of those Philharmonic quidnuncs who will not allow themselves to be carried away by the ocean of melody contained in Schubert's symphony in C until they have quite convinced themselves that the work may be pardoned its want of symmetry? A critic or connoisseur asked what he thought of the music of "The Vicar of Bray" would (figuratively speaking) spit at the proposer of such a question.

Indeed, although the ballad concerts, supported as they are by many of the best singers of the day, are eminently successful, they have not gained much favour among the musical, nor above all, among the would-be musical portion of the public. One of our contemporaries has pointed out that the hearty applause with which the performances at these concerts are so often received may be accounted for by this fact—that, whereas many persons go to classical concerts by way of showing their excellent taste, no one goes to such an unpretending entertainment as a ballad concert unless ballad singing really gives him pleasure.

Some persons seem to be seriously in doubt as to whether the "ballad concert" is a legitimate form of entertainment or not. That depends, of course, in some measure upon the solution to be given to the question whether the ballad is or is not a legitimate form of art. If a ballad is a bad thing in itself, a long series of ballads must be something intolerable. But the disrepute into which the ballad has fallen among the unthinking portion of our amateurs—that is to say, among the very large majority—is easily explained. Ever since the existence of English opera in its modern Italianised form—a style commenced by Balfe, continued by Wallace and Macfarren, and now discontinued generally—it has been the fashion with critics to protest on all possible occasions against the forcible introduction of ballads in places where they were not wanted, and where they only served to delay the action of the drama. An English opera of the Balfe type always contained at least two ballads for the prima donna; one or two for the contralto, if there happened to be a contralto; a couple of ballads carefully prepared for the tenor; and one or more for the baritone. Sometimes—especially if Mr. Balfe was the composer—these ballads were melodious, and altogether very good specimens of ballad writing. More often they were monotonous, commonplace in form, and entirely devoid of originality. But, good or bad, they were almost always in the way, and they soon came to be known as "music-shop ballads," or "ballads written for the music publishers"—it being quite obvious that they never could have been composed to suit the requirements of the dramas in which they figured.

Many of our operatic ballads were agreeable and even estimable compositions in themselves. They were "music in the wrong place," but that was all that could be said against them. However, the pieces of which the ballad concerts are chiefly made up are not the solos of our English opera singers, but the favourite and more or less ancient ballads which form so important an element in our English national music. Few countries are richer in ballad music than England, and certainly no one State is so rich in that respect as Great Britain, with its national ballads, so varied in character, of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Each of the four countries is fairly represented at Mr. Boosey's concerts, from the earliest times down to the present day. Of course, too, a certain small proportion of new ballads is introduced. A song by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington called "The Portrait," Mr. Molloy's popular "Clochette," Miss Elizabeth Philips' spirited setting of Kingsley's "When all the world is young," and several compositions by Claribel, which have owed much of their effect to Miss Dolby's expressive singing, may be mentioned among the novelties brought forward at these very interesting and well-conducted entertainments.—Pall Mall Gazette.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The entertainment at this theatre has certainly not lost in attractiveness by the change of programme made upon Monday evening last. "The Hen and Chickens," by Mr. B. Webster, jun., is a most amusing piece, and very capably acted. Mr. Ashley and Mr. Stevenson make excellent fun in the two principal characters; and Mrs. Stirling exhibits her peculiar humour and her power of individualising a part as Mrs. Soft Sawdery. But the chief feature in the performance is the revival of the comic drama, "Used Up," which has so long been associated with the name of Mr. Charles Mathews. Sir Charles Coldstream is a part which affords the most striking proof of the unflagging vivacity, the fine taste, the keen perception of humour which first made the reputation of Mr. Mathews.

ROMANIA.—Not to be behind the rest of the world, the Government of Roumania is making great efforts to secure the efficiency of its army. A military committee has been appointed to buy arms, and its members have proceeded for that purpose to Berlin, Vienna, and Brussels. The arming and military organisation of the country are to be effected on the Prussian model. The necessary arrangements for this object have already been made between the Prussian and Roumanian Governments, and a number of Prussian officers under Baron Runstadt, captain of the hussars of the guard, are now at Bucharest, where they are to superintend the re-organisation of the civil departments, and the instruction of the officers and cadets in the Prussian system of drill.

SPECIAL CONSTABLES.—By the revised instructions for the organisation of special constables published in the Times, it appears that a penalty not exceeding £5 is imposed for each of the following offences in the case of a special constable:—"1. For refusing to take the oath when duly required. 2. For neglect to appear when summoned for the purpose of taking the oath. 3. For neglect or refusing to serve as a special constable when called upon, or to obey such lawful orders as are given for the performance of the duties of his office, unless such person proves that he was prevented from complying with the Act by sickness or other sufficient cause." The official who drew up these rules seems to be unaware that the two first of them do not affect special constables, but persons who decline to become special constables.



## THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

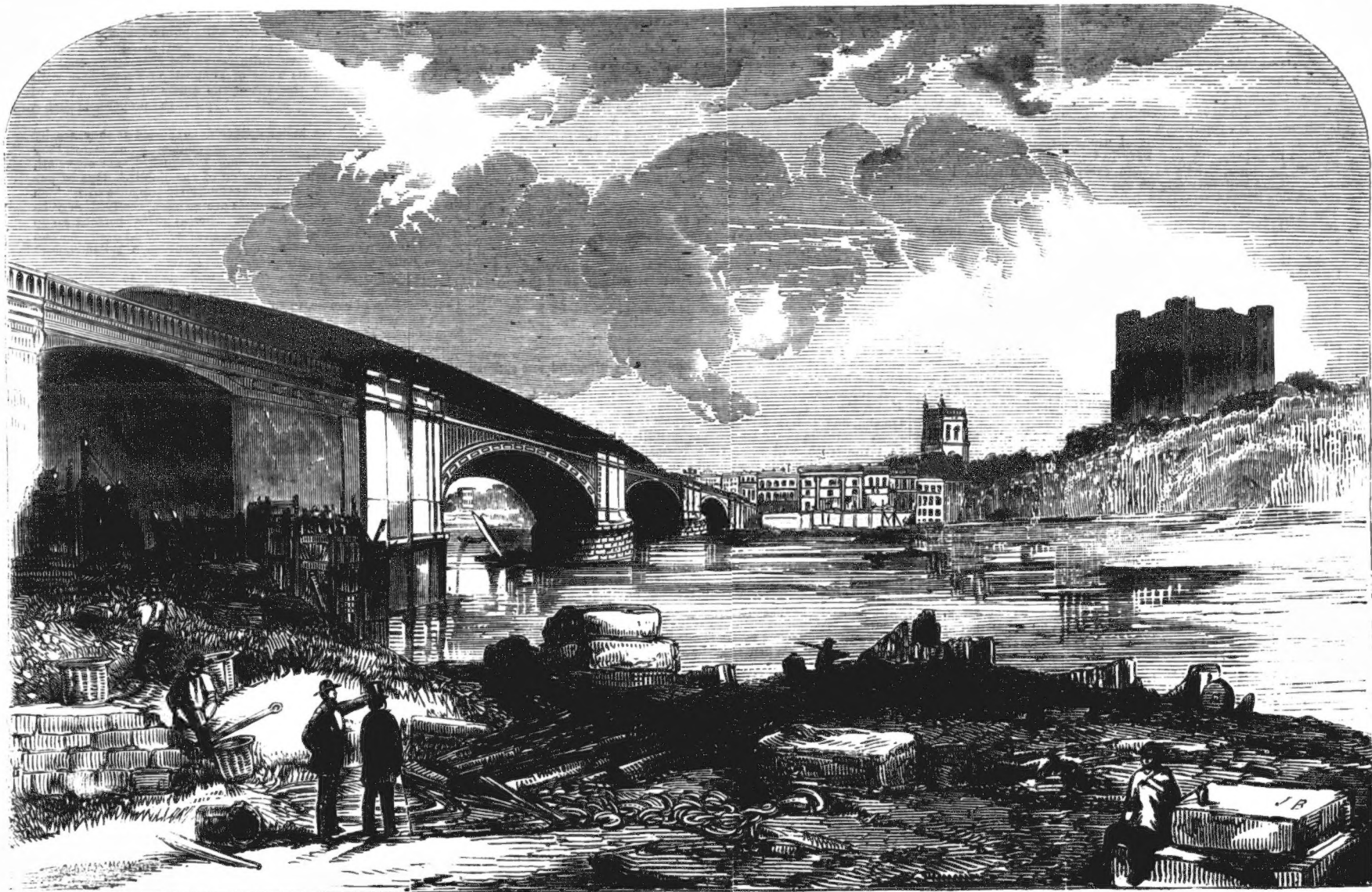
THE almost intolerable state of repletion which has now become the most standing evil of the British Museum is the text of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, just published, which, though full of interest and information, is far from a complete and accurate statement of all the facts of the case. The writer's aim is plainly to remove the whole of the natural history collection to Brompton, and to appropriate land for that purpose on a scale sufficient to satisfy the yearnings of Professor Owen, who asks, as some say, for six acres of ground floor, or as others say, for seven or eight miles of cases. Of the objections to the scheme the article says nothing, or practically nothing. In the first place, it overlooks the fact that almost all skins of animals, together with the wings of insects, suffer materially from the action of light, and that as it is impossible to keep them all shut up in drawers, a neighbourhood like that of Bloomsbury, where the outer air is always more or less darkened with smoke, is better suited to them than it is to the sculpture, which requires ample space and clear light for its proper appreciation. A perpetual exhibition of all the birds, beasts, fishes, and insects, in the collection, on the showman principle which prevails at South Kensington, would be equivalent to their rapid destruction. Whether the scientific world which employs the Museum collection for scientific purposes would like to be compelled to go out to a south-western suburb, however fashionable, and even if the proposed buildings were consecrated to the memory of Prince Albert, may be doubted, though we incline to think that nobody would like it, except those happy few who would be lodged in comfortable houses to preside over the various department. But as to the wishes of the London multitude, there

## THE IRISH PRESS AND THE MARQUIS OF SLIGO.

THE Marquis of Sligo has been vehemently attacked by the Irish press on account of a system of eviction which he is said to be about to carry out in Mayo, and has been denounced in prose and in verse as a landlord of the most heartless type. His Lordship's brother and agent—Lord John Browne, M.P.—states the real facts of the case in the following letter, which has been re-produced without comment, contradiction, or apology by the very journals which have been most violent in attacking the noble Marquis:—  
“The total population of the whole of the town-lands referred to was at the last census 154. If any increase has since taken place it must be trifling, but whatever the number of people on the land may be, not one of them has been yet, or is at all likely to be, turned out of his present holding without receiving another farm equally good and desirable. On a large estate, such as Lord Sligo's, the greatest portion of which is in the hands of very small tenants, it is inevitable that farms should from time to time become vacant here and there. Sometimes the occupier and his family emigrate; sometimes he dies without leaving wife or child; sometimes, on finding he is not getting on well, he is willing to surrender his farm on receiving a sum of money. Sometimes he is ejected for non-payment of rent; and occasionally, though rarely, it is necessary to eject a tenant for sub-letting or gross misconduct. It is to vacancies which thus occur that the tenants of Mace South and Knockroosky are now being gradually moved. The present rent of the proposed farm is £172 12s. 6d.; the poor-law valuation, £170 15s.—so it cannot be said that Lord Sligo charged his tenantry too high a rent. It is in a most wretched state, but is capable of being made a good farm by a large expenditure of money in

## AN INFAMOUS ACCUSATION.

THE reader will remember that a little while since a Mr. Gutteridge, of Birmingham, lecturing in that town on Ritualism under the auspices of the Protestant Association, made a most serious charge against a certain nunnery unknown. He said—speaking positively, and of his own knowledge:—  
“In the spring of the present year this came to pass: a gentleman of good commercial position had a daughter who, left motherless at an early age, would be entitled to a small property whenever she should marry. She was sought in marriage by a young man whom her father regarded as unworthy, and to prevent her making a rash marriage he thought it well to put her into a nunnery, where she would have what he deemed the comforts of a genteel parlour boarder. In a month or so afterwards the father visited his daughter, and she was then very anxious to return home with him, but he, actuated by the same motive which had in the first place caused him to put his daughter into a nunnery, induced her against her will to remain. So far, there was nothing particular in the story, but let them mark what came next. Some time afterwards the father wished to see his daughter again, but on presenting himself at the nunnery was told that she was under holy vows. Soon afterwards the gentleman went to hear what this same Mr. Murphy had to say, and the words he heard penetrated his heart like red-hot steel. He went again to the nunnery, and was again refused admission to his daughter—again on the ground of holy vows. Not content with this, he procured magisterial authority for the release of his child. She was then given up to him, and he procured a cab in which to take her to his home. In that cab she was delivered of a child, and she stated that she had



ROCHESTER CASTLE AND BRIDGE.

cannot be a moment's doubt. The stuffed animals are the one grand attraction of the Museum to the tens of thousands of the families of the middle and working classes who visit it, and their removal to South Kensington would be simply a prohibition forbidding these tens of thousands to enjoy one of those few pleasures which London affords them. Bloomsbury is almost the centre of an enormous district where the classes whom we are trying to educate and civilise and amuse are crowded together; and the proposition to deprive them of their one chief and elevating pleasure, in the interests of a few, is one of the most unblushing schemes ever propounded, even to the British Parliament. However, we may trust that even the present moribund House of Commons is at last awake to the merits of the design; and as to the future Parliaments, it is hardly likely that they will sanction arrangements which throw overboard the interests of the people, even though blest with distinguished patronage.

**NAVAL DISCIPLINE.**—The following circular, No. 3 L, just issued by the Admiralty, conveys an unsatisfactory impression, of British Naval discipline in 1868:—“It having come to the knowledge of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that the use of a ‘gag’ has been sometimes resorted to on board Her Majesty's ships, their Lordships desire that this practice may be discontinued, and that men who are noisy or otherwise violent should be confined in a cell.”—HENRY G. LENNOR.

**THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.**—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of “THE BLOOD PURIFIER,” OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SASSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. *Caution—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.*—[ADVT.]

draining, &c. Lord Sligo has made an arrangement with me as tenant, in accordance with which he is to allow me £1,000 in cash for improvements, and a further sum if necessary. This will give some idea of the present condition of the farm, which possesses a very conspicuous position. I may add that it is Lord Sligo's practice when he moves a tenant (though it is almost always to a much better holding) to allow him a year or half a year's rent for the inconvenience of the mere move.

## ROCHESTER CASTLE AND BRIDGE.

THE famous old castle of Rochester is of Norman date and style, and bears ample testimony of the handiwork of Cromwell's artillery. The walls, which are of Kentish rag-stone, enclose a quadrangular area of nearly 300 square feet, and, with their towers, are now in ruins. The walls of the keep, however, at the north-east angle of the court, are in very good preservation. It rises about 104 feet from the ground, and has turrets at the angles about 12 feet above the rest of the building. The masonry of the building is good, especially that of the well, which is in one of the walls, and was accessible from several floors of the castle.

The old bridge of Rochester, built in the time of Richard II., will be well remembered by many of our readers. The present bridge, of which we give an engraving, was commenced about twenty years ago, but has only been opened a few years. It is of iron, from plans by the late Sir William Cubitt, and is erected a short distance south of the old bridge.

**ILLEGAL SALMON.**—“J. E. M.” writing to the *Field*, says that he saw several large salmon exposed for sale last week on the slabs of two celebrated Bond-street fishmongers, that the fishmongers stated the fish to be English fish and asked five shillings a pound for them. “J. E. M.” calls the attention of the inspectors of salmon fisheries to this circumstance—the capture and sale of salmon being illegal at this season.

been debauched by the father confessor, and that she left behind her in the nunnery two other young ladies who were in the same unhappy condition.”

So direct an accusation was not likely to pass unchallenged. Proof was demanded of Mr. Gutteridge. After some difficulty in electing a tribunal to which he could make no objection, the inquiry was referred to Mr. Kynnersley (stipendiary magistrate) and three other justices of the borough. Those gentlemen now report as follows:—“That the whole statement is untrue, and without foundation in fact in any one of its details.”

“The narrative, as repeated by Mr. Gutteridge at the Town Hall, together with other details not mentioned by him, was first related to a member of Mr. Gutteridge's family on the 2nd of July last. On the following day it was repeated to Mr. Gutteridge, by whom it was taken down in writing. The narrator was a young girl of nineteen years of age, who was employed in Mr. Gutteridge's household as a seamstress, and has continued to be so employed up to the present time. During this period she has again and again repeated her story, with the addition from time to time of pretended occurrences which gave the statement a great appearance of reality; and so recently as three weeks ago, in the most solemn manner, re-asserted the truth of all she had said.

“This young girl appeared before us, and at once declared that the whole narrative was false and unfounded, and entirely her own invention. She firmly adhered to this declaration under a severe cross-examination.

“The narrative included details, some of which were capable of corroboration, if true; others bore on their face manifest improbability. We find no effort was made by Mr. Gutteridge to test the truth of any of these statements; to use his own words he never crossed the threshold to make an inquiry. We have still felt it our duty, as far as possible, to test such of the alleged facts as were capable of inquiry, and have failed to obtain confirmation in one instance.” Mr. Gutteridge ought now to consider what reparation he can offer for a false and mischievous accusation, made so rashly that “he never crossed the threshold” to ascertain whether it was true or not.



## MR. CHILDERS.

It is not often that Government chooses a person to fill an important function from the ranks of their opponents, and, above all, from the front rank of the Opposition in Parliament. Possibly, therefore, it may have been a surprise on the public that Mr. Childers, M.P. for Pontefract, and Financial Secretary to the Treasury in Lord Palmerston's and Lord Russell's Ministries, should have been offered the place of Minister of Finance in India, which is vacant by the resignation of Mr. Massey. In two instances—those of Mr. James Wilson and Mr. Laing—gentlemen who have been Secretaries to the Treasury have been thought to be the right men for Chancellors of the Indian Exchequer; and, in a certain sense, Mr. Childers, having served a like apprenticeship, was an obvious subject of selection even to a Conservative Government. Not a little praise, therefore, has been given to Sir Stafford Northcote for placing the office at Mr. Childers' disposal. It is, however, conceivable that this generous and disinterested act might be brought into that category of Greek-offered gifts, which the ancient poet mentioned as matter for special avoidance. In the first place, apart from the official difficulties of the post, which are not small, every one remembers that Mr. Wilson succumbed to the effect of English hard work in such a climate as that of Calcutta; and that Mr. Laing had to pay a visit to this country, on the score of health, in a year after his appointment. Since then it has been found that the sphere of choice for the function is exceedingly limited; and, in the Conservative party in Parliament, there is literally no one to whom it could be with decency offered, so far as fitness is concerned. Is it, then, a violent conjecture that Mr. Disraeli may be anxious that Mr. Childers, who was last session a very active and a very practical critic of the financial measures of the Government, and especially in matters of detail; who would wait until half-past one in the morning to dispute a clause in a bill which contained a mistake, or introduced a laxity in the doings of the Treasury; and to whose suggestions Mr. Ward Hunt, who was under obligations to Mr. Childers for a good deal of friendly "coaching" when he came raw into his present office, always deferred, should not occupy a similar point of vantage in future? Surely such a member of the Opposition is exactly the one whom the Ministerial leader would delight to see in high office in India. No doubt, even if he was so charitable as not to conjecture something of this kind as underlying the splendid offer made to him, Mr. Childers prefers waiting for the advent of those excellent chances of preferment at home, which may accrue to him somewhere about the spring of the year after next, if not before.—*Leader*.

## LORD STANLEY AT BRISTOL.

WITH his usual clearness of political vision, Lord Stanley at Bristol declared the Irish question to be the question of the day. Whatever may be the causes that have produced this conviction in the mind of the noble lord, it is a matter for sincere congratulation that the admission should have been drawn from a statesman so prominent in the Government, and so closely allied to the Premier. But with the admission itself our reason for rejoicing ends; because, having attributed paramount importance to the settlement of the question, Lord Stanley is content to postpone that settlement indefinitely. There were shrewd politicians who, a few months ago, affected to believe Mr. Disraeli would "educate" his party during the winter up to a point from which it would be as easy to lead them on to a reform of the Irish Church as it was last year to lead them to a reform of the English electoral system. But either Lord Russell's challenge has failed to provoke Mr. Disraeli to the effort; or he has made the effort and failed. The vexed question is to be left for adjustment till the Reformed Parliament assembles at St. Stephen's. The confession that the present Government and the Conservative party are unable to grapple with the subject is candid; but it is a trifle annoying. Because the Church-and-State party will go no farther in this matter than they can be driven, an admitted Irish grievance is to seethe and ferment for another year. This is not statesmanship; nor does it indicate on the part of the Government an adequate sense of the gravity of the grievance confessed, or of the danger of its perpetuation. The promise to deal with the land question this Session would be assuring, if there were any ground for supposing the Government, which shirks the Church question, to be likely to deal boldly and widely with the

there cause of discontent. The only hope is that the Opposition may be fortunate enough to enforce wisdom on the occupants of the Ministerial benches.

## "HARK! HARK! THE LARK AT HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS!"

THE original picture from which our Fine Art engraving is taken was first exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1855. It is by Mr. G. E. Hicks, and attracted considerable attention at the time, and engravings from it have become popular favourites. We need scarcely say that it is a clever pictorial embodiment of Shakespeare's celebrated verse.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

A FACT in connection with the Russian Court is worth mentioning. The leather exhibited here exemplifies by its important qualities the great value of the well-kept secret of the tanning process for which Russia has so long been famous. Its softness, its durability, its peculiar and pleasant odour, and its imperviousness to wet, recommend this leather for every description of boot. To cover our poor feet, after all there is nothing like leather, and there is no leather like Russian. The fact alluded to is this—that the whole of the best samples in the department have been secured by an Englishman, Mr. S. W. NORMAN, of Westminster-bridge-road, Lambeth.—*The Cosmopolitan*.—[ADVT.]

## THE LOYAL IRISH.

We trust that ill-timed scruples will not deter the loyal Irish of London from signing the anti-Fenian address to Her Majesty which has been prepared by Mr. Digby Seymour. They may be excused if they feel a little reluctance to volunteer the assurance that, though they are Irishmen, they are not murderous scoundrels, sympathising with secret conspiracy and wholesale assassination. To come forward with protestations of this kind may seem to sensitive minds like an attempt to clear themselves by calumniating their country. It may be interpreted as an admission that to be an Irishman is a *prima facie* ground for the worst suspicions, requiring the most emphatic denials to rebut them. In ordinary times these scruples would deserve consideration. But the present are not ordinary times. A wide-spread alarm exists in London and throughout the country. The Irish who are resident among us owe something to the community of which they form a part. Countless interests, widely ramifying, are injuriously affected by the prevalent uneasiness. It is not for good citizens to stand upon their dignity when by any act of theirs they can be caught to abate a serious calamity. They owe something also to their countrymen whom, in the absence of a disavowal satisfactory to the public mind, a suspicious suspicion may deprive of employment. Even to the wretched Fenians themselves a demonstration of loyal sentiment may be useful. It will show them that they have to contend, not simply with the organised force of the English Government, and the resolution of the English people, but with the moral execration of their own countrymen. Besides Fenians, there is another class to be considered, the poorest of the poor Irish in our great towns, who, misled as to the motives, character, and plan of operations of the Fenian conspirators, give them a certain blind, inarticulate, and half-formed sympathy. A general declaration of the reprobation felt by right-minded Irishmen of the acts of the Fenian conspirators might act in a healthy manner upon the minds of men of this class. The key-note must be struck for them. A standard must be erected, round which they may rally.—*Daily News*.

## MR. LOWE ON EDUCATION.

IN a political sense Mr. Lowe has been notoriously a passionate and violent champion of middle-class rule. But the atmosphere of education seems to clear his brain, and he made no scruple about confessing at Liverpool that from 1832 up to the present day, a period of thirty-six years of unchallenged middle-class supremacy, the rule on which he had lavished such fulsome

praises has proved itself totally incompetent to deal with the group of educational questions, or even to recover for the use of the middle class the original *douces*, the grammar-school endowments, which have been alienated by fraud and mismanagement. Could the workmen, taken even at Mr. Lowe's valuation, have acted with less political insight or honesty? In Mr. Lowe's view, much of the mischief of our existing system is caused by the illogical and senseless spirit of imitation which drives every middle-class school, where boys are brought up nominally for a business career, to ape the training of Eton, and to expend precious years in clumsy and laborious classical trifling. Whatever exception might have been taken to Mr. Lowe's former denunciation of classical learning, there can be none to his execration of it as the plague-spot on the instruction which is now supplied to the middle class. Whatever doubts may have arisen as to the expediency of that wide cultivation of physical and experimental science in the universities which he had previously urged, there cannot be much question that the sciences of observation and experiment, apart from their merely technical value, supply the most efficient means by which the man who desires to succeed in practical life can discipline his powers.—*Star*.

THE FAT ELAND.—The *Mark Lane Express* states that Lord Hill's fat eland, which attracted so much notice at the Islington Christmas Cattle Show, has been slaughtered and eaten. A sirloin of the beast was placed on the table at the Farmers' Club dinner at the Salisbury Hotel, and those who partook of it and were not in the secret of its being eland, pronounced it to be "capital beef." The flesh is fine in the grain, dark in colour, and carries a fair layer of fat, but is not of particularly fine flavour—not at all like venison. The eland was slaughtered by Messrs. Bannister, who bought it at a low price, there being no competition for such strange meat.



THE FINE ARTS.—"HARK! HARK! THE LARK AT HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS!"



## THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Goose with the Golden Eggs—The Babes in the Wood. Seven.  
 DRURY LANE.—The Hypocrite.—Faw, Fee, Fo, Fam. Seven.  
 HAYMARKET.—The Broken-Hearted Club—A Wife Well Won—An Utter Per-Version of the Brigand. Seven.  
 ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show—No Thoroughfare. Seven.  
 OLYMPIC.—Hen and Chickens—Used Up—If I Had a Thousand a Year—Betty Martin. Seven.  
 PRINCESS'S.—The Colleen Bawn—The Streets of London. Seven.  
 LYCEUM.—Who's to Win Him?—Cook Robin and Jenny Wren. Seven.  
 ST. JAMES'S.—Is He Jealous?—The Needful—The Young Widow. Seven.  
 STRAND.—Old Silt—The Caliph of Bagdad—Coal and Coke. Seven.  
 NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic—Dearer Than Life—La Vivandiere. Seven.  
 HOLBORN.—Flying Scud.—Valentine and Orson. Seven.  
 NEW ROYALTY.—All that Glitters is not Gold—The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—Highly Improbable. Half-past Seven.  
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot—How She Loves Him—Mrs. White. Eight.  
 ASTLEY'S.—The French Spy—Harlequin and Little Jack Horner. Seven.  
 SURREY.—The Fair One with the Golden Locks—Jane Eyre. Seven.  
 SADDLER'S WELLS.—Little Red Riding Hood. Seven.  
 STANDARD.—Oranges and Lemons, said the Bells of St. Clement's. Seven.  
 MARLYBONE.—Little Bo-Peep who Lost Her Sheep—Bitter Cold. Seven.  
 ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Contrabandista—Ching-Chow-Hi. Half-past Seven.  
 NEW EAST LONDON.—Robin Hood and His Merry Men. Seven.  
 BRITANNIA.—Don Quixote—Who Did It? Quarter to Seven.  
 VICTORIA.—Wild Tribes of London—Charles the Second and Pretty Nell Gwynne. Seven.  
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism. Two and Half-past Seven.  
 ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. (Two and Eight).  
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.  
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.  
 GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.  
 ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels. Three and Eight.  
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Bagone Dull Cara." Three and Eight.  
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave's Dore's Great Paintings. Eleven till Nine.  
 AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Grand Equestrian Entertainment, &c. Two and Half-past Seven.  
 MADAME TISSAUD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.  
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

## THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## 1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

## 2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

## The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

## "THE PECULIAR PEOPLE."

ECCENTRICITY in religious belief is so common in this country that the majority of people attach little importance to it, provided the professor of a new creed be earnest and sincere. Indeed, sincerity, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. We cannot help respecting a man if he be conscientious, even though he is palpably in error, because he sees according to his lights, and judges according to the best of his ability. The Utilitarian doctrine, which says, let every man be saved in his own way, is not to be condemned lightly. These remarks have been elicited by the facts proved at a recent inquest. A new sect has risen in Essex calling themselves "The Peculiar People." One of their tenets is that medical assistance shall never be called in for "a Peculiar person." When "a Peculiar person" is sick, the elders of the sect pray to the Lord that the sick person may recover, anoint him, give him a glass of grog, and then leave the matter in the Lord's hands. They conceive that the texts "Cursed is he that trusteth in man" and "Trust not in an arm of the flesh" clearly point out the impropriety of invoking medical aid. Lois Wagstaffe, "a Peculiar baby," aged fourteen months, was seized last week with inflammation of the lungs. The elders of the sect were called in, and they anointed the child, gave it brandy and water, and prayed over it, but did not call in a doctor. "The Peculiar baby" died, as might have been expected, under this treat-

ment; an inquest was held over its body, and the jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against its parents. Two members of the sect, hatters, became bail for them, and an elder explained that in Essex, where a good many "Peculiar babies" died under similar circumstances, Mr. Codd, the coroner, after consulting with the recorder, had decided that when the parents believed sincerely in the Lord it is not manslaughter. Mr. Payne, the City coroner, said that he differed from Mr. Codd, that he believed the age for miracles is past, and that whenever a case of the kind comes before him he shall send the parents to Newgate. A witness, a widow, who watched the fading away of the little sufferer, did not suggest that a doctor should be called in. She herself had been "laid low, and the Lord of all had raised her up again." The wharf-labourer Wagstaffe and his wife prayed that the Lord would heal their little Lois. One medicament indeed they gave her—a most "peculiar" one under the circumstances. They made the child swallow some brandy and water—the effect of which, on a sufferer from diseased lungs, may be imagined. Well, the poor little child died. The medical officer of the district, on being called upon by the parents for a burial certificate, properly refused to grant it, and an inquest was accordingly held on this victim from "peculiar" notions. The coroner's officer deposed that he saw the body of the deceased in a loft over a stable, with several Peculiar People round it. They admitted that the child had been ill a fortnight, and that no doctor had seen it. "God," they remarked, "raised up the sick and wounded." To this line of argument they adhered before the coroner. The father said that he had "given his heart to the Lord six years ago," and that he "believed God was of his body." He suggested that the statement of one of the Elders in the Church should be heard. Accordingly, that reverend person stepped forward and handed in a list of thirteen places which were to be visited by the Elders. The head-quarters of the sect appeared to be in Essex; and the document contained a significant hint that the travelling expenses of the apostles of "peculiarity" should be paid by the "church-visited." This Elder elaborated the "peculiar" theory that everything should be left to the Lord; but was somewhat more practical, in his remark that "physic killed a great many people." It is certainly a most extraordinary case, and reveals an amount of fervid wrongheadedness and conscientious barbarity which is rather startling. Here is this little child of fourteen months stretched on a bed of sickness. It never occurs to the parents or friends to call in a doctor; on the contrary, it is the very course which their religion interdicts. It was a simple case of inflammation of the lungs, and the "elders of the Church" were called together, and they poured oil out of a phial on to the child's chest, and they prayed the Lord to heal the child and raise it up again." There was no malice against the child on the part of these Peculiar People. They were not intentionally cruel, or if they were they were cruel on principle. It was a part of their religious belief that it was wicked to call in medical aid. And the witnesses, in defending the neglect which, according to the medical testimony, is distinctly chargeable with the child's death, showed considerable acuteness in quoting Scripture to their purpose. "Cursed is man that trusteth in man," and "Trust not in an arm of flesh," come glibly enough from the lips of the woman Adley, who tells us that she saw the child growing worse and worse, and yet approved of warning off medical aid. "If your leg was broken," interposed a too confident juror, "Would you call in a doctor or merely pray to the Lord to get it mended?" Mrs. Adley was quite equal to the occasion with "The Lord says, 'Not a bone of the righteous shall be broken,'" and her puny antagonist was quelled. The only answer the father can give is, that six years ago he gave what he fancifully calls his heart to the Lord, and he believes that when he is laid low the Lord will raise him up. He refers us for a fuller exposition of the faith of the Peculiar People to an "elder" who exhibits "a plan for the elders," the main article of which is an earnest monition that "the church" shall pay the elder "for his time and travelling expenses." In fact, all we can get out of these people is that they believe they have Scriptural warrant for the course they took, and that it was a better and a holier deed to let the child dwindle into the grave than to send round the corner for a doctor. It is impossible to understand the process by which they have so muddled their New Testament as to fasten upon the Saviour's teaching and example the authorship of this hateful doctrine. It adds a deeper dye to the crime with which the system is chargeable, that its professors, these people who are about to stand their trial for manslaughter, should father their cruel dogmas upon Him who healed the sick, who called Himself the Physician, and who made special commandment to his disciples to "heal all manner of sickness, and all manner of diseases." But it would be the merest folly to discuss the matter with persons who could stand round the bed of a sick child and doom it to death on principle. They must be brought face to face with the justice of man ere they can be forced to unlearn the barbarous creed which they have set up in the teeth of everything that is Christian or human. We can tolerate eccentric enthusiasts so long as they keep within the law, and only so long. When, as in the present instance, they, by their blind folly and culpable neglect, bring about the death of a child, no creed, however "peculiar" it may be, can justify their conduct or extenuate their crime.

It is asserted that the Hanoverian refugees at present in Switzerland will shortly take up their residence in France, the necessary permission having been obtained from the French Government.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

## MR. LOWE ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.

WITHOUT pledging ourselves to every detail of his speech, we declare our satisfaction that Mr. Lowe's voice, on which much may have depended, is in favour of the Manchester programme, and that his tried ingenuity and surefootedness are freely devoted to its realisation. The most authoritative representative of the Privy Council system has now no other ambition than to make that system the basis of one which, instead of faintly aiding voluntary effort, shall render the State as responsible for the instruction of the people as for the maintenance of the army and navy. The highly-trained public officers under whom the Privy Council has within its limits been brought to high perfection are invited by their favourite chief to devote their future exertions to the establishment and elaboration of a plan co-extensive with the want, instead of measured by the supply, of education in the country. And educationists of every school, religious and secular, voluntary and compulsory, denominational and unsectarian, are offered a plan which, more than any other yet submitted, opens facilities for conciliation, minimises the opportunities for falling out, and utilises every atom of individual or State energy that can be brought to bear upon the instruction and mental improvement of the population.—*Star*.

## COMPENSATION FOR THE SUFFERERS BY THE CLERKENWELL EXPLOSION.

Without venturing to anticipate the decision of superior tribunals, we think that the Clerkenwell outrage is clearly a case in which compensation for the loss of property sustained should be made by the county or hundred. This was no act of private trespass. It was an act of public warfare against our Sovereign Lady the Queen, her Crown and dignity. It was an act of overt hostility against the Commonwealth. It was an attempt to rescue from the lawful custody of the officers of the Crown certain prisoners lawfully committed to gaol by magistrates holding office by direct appointment from the Crown. Not only a wretched construction of bricks and mortar, but the three kingdoms were menaced when that murderous keg of gunpowder exploded; and it would be most detrimental to the security and the dignity of the body politic if, while enforcing Imperial means to punish this devilish deed, we neglected to take Imperial cognizance of the frightful destruction incidentally inflicted on the property of private citizens.—*Telegraph*.

## THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

We entirely concur with the Home Secretary in describing the state of the police as a "great question," and also in thinking that the chocking up of the Home Office with police details indicates a most unsatisfactory condition of the police; more especially when, as at present, the higher situations of the Home Office are filled by new and comparatively inexperienced gentlemen. The truth clearly is that the metropolitan police needs complete and entire re-organisation; and no one seems to feel this more than Mr. Hardy. The mode in which the anticipated outrage at Clerkenwell was dealt with is the climax of police mismanagement. Excuses may be made and apologies suggested for it. But it is such mismanagement as would in military men have led to a court of inquiry, if not a court-martial. It is such mismanagement as deprives London of all confidence in the present Chief Commissioner of Police, however great and eminent his earlier services may have been; and when the Home Secretary tells us that he has really become the Commissioner of Police he discloses a state of things which it is an imperative duty not to tolerate. The first step towards improvement must, we say it unwillingly, and with all respect to Sir Richard Mayne, be his retirement from the office of chief commissioner of metropolitan police. London expects that this step will be voluntarily and gracefully taken by him. It is not possible he can remain much longer in Scotland-yard, and the simple question is, retirement or removal. London wants vigour and mature capacity, not old age and declining faculties, at the head of the police; because otherwise the Home Secretary will continue to be, what he tells us he now is, "something like a commissioner of police," and, in consequence, unable to perform the proper duties of his high office. We want a chief commissioner of police who is not always running to the Home Office to know what he shall do and leave undone, who has capacity and courage to act on his own sense of duty and responsibility, who can deal with the "details of petty plots" himself, who has round about him men of sense and intelligence with whom he can take counsel, and by whom his orders can be carried out—who belongs to the generation for whom he acts. And such a commissioner Mr. Hardy must be prepared to give London, after his statement at Bristol.—*Daily News*.

## THE REFORM BILL.

The division of opinion in the Liberal party on the subject of the representation of minorities in Parliament enabled the Government last session to avail themselves of Lord Cairns' amendment on the Reform Bill, which engrafted that principle on the franchise. It is more than likely, however, that this question will be re-opened before the amendment of the representation becomes a complete fact. A remonstrance against the system has been just published in a pamphlet, the author of which, indicating himself by the initials "R. C.," writes as one having authority to deal with the question. Perhaps the main arguments are not very new, but they are ingeniously and earnestly worked out and pointedly illustrated. In brief, it is laid down that there is no need that in popular institutions every shade of opinion should be represented; the first principle of representative government being that a bare majority should prevail, the test of numbers in that sense being the only practicable one. It is true that minorities may be abstractedly in the right, just as a poor man has a right to be as rich as his wealthy neighbour, but for all practical purposes, the minority is just as much in the wrong till it becomes a majority as the poor man is poor until he has obtained wealth. Then it is argued that the principle is inconsistent with local representation, and it is shown that, carried to its legitimate extent, Fenians and Chartists would be entitled to special members of their own, directly elected by them; and there is just a touch of humour in a description of the effect likely to be produced on the House by the demonstrations of queer members chosen by eccentric minorities. The sum of the disquisition is, that advantage has been taken by the Conservatives of a doctrine approved only by the philosophical members of Parliament, of whom Mr. Stuart Mill and Mr. Fawcett are types, and advocated by dilettanti and aesthetic politicians, like Mr. Hare; and that its introduction into the Reform Act is, and is intended to be, a neutralisation of the enlarged franchise.—*Leader*.

## THE TORY BANQUET.

The Conservatives are in the case of men who, having long been accustomed to fight only from behind walls and earthworks, are agreeably surprised to find that they can hold their own in the open field. Lord Stanley is evidently determined to say and do as much as a Conservative can say and do, at the same time what no Whig can object to. Conservatives, learning wisdom by events, certainly need not suppose that the changes made last year exceed in bulk or moral importance those of 1832, or are more likely to make a total change in the character of the Imperial Legislature. In spite of alarmists, the British people have never lost their constitutional principles, and when they were told that the Constitution lay in ruins they used their own eyes, saw it, and felt it themselves and all round them. That is the example which should now have its value. The errors of that day were the series of obstructive antagonisms by which the Conservatives have been content to fight a losing battle for many years.—*Times*.



## DEATH OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

With great regret we announce the death of Mr. Charles Kean, who died on Wednesday night week at eight o'clock, having just completed his 57th year. He has been laid aside from his professional engagements since the beginning of last year by a paralytic affection, and within the last few days it had assumed a form which rendered his recovery hopeless.

Mr. Kean was born on the 15th of January, 1811, at Waterford, where his father, the elder Kean, as he is usually now designated, was fulfilling a professional engagement at the time. In due time he was sent to Eton, but his stay there was short, owing to those domestic estrangements which threw a cloud over the reputation of the great tragedian, and poisoned the remainder of his days. A separation between husband and wife having taken place, young Charles honourably ranged himself on the side of his mother, and as she was left nearly destitute, he resolved to devote his best services to her maintenance. So steadily did he adhere to this resolution that he declined an appointment in the East India Company's service which was offered him by one of the directors, and determined instead to follow his father's profession, and, boy as he was, win fame and fortune on the stage. His father, who had been irritated against him by his adherence to his mother in the wretched domestic controversy, was still more incensed against him by this resolution, and for some time there was an open breach between them. Nor did the smiles of the public make up for the paternal frown. On the contrary, he had to encounter a storm of adverse criticism, which would have driven any weaker man to abandon the profession altogether. We are far from saying that this severity of criticism was undeserved. He was little more than sixteen when he presented himself before a London audience, having formed an engagement with the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and made his first appearance in the character of Young Norval, in *Home's* tragedy of "Douglas." He made an unfavourable impression upon the audience; indeed, we have heard from those who remember the theatre in those days that he was all but hissed off the stage, and that the theatrical critics of the day were unanimous in assuring the presumptuous boy that he had mistaken his profession, and that the sooner he devoted himself to some more worldly occupation the better for all parties. But the young actor was not to be put down. He fought a gallant but, on the whole, a losing battle with the public and the press, and was finally compelled to quit the London boards. Most men after such a rough reception would have taken his critics' advice; but the only effect upon Charles Kean was to induce him to seek in the provinces for that popularity which the metropolis refused. Even that, however, was a hazardous speculation. For an actor unknown so far to acquire reputation on the provincial boards must at all times be a hard task, but Mr. Kean had to contend against the brand of incompetency which his failure in London had stamped on him. He resolved to make the attempt, however, and, fortunate as it proved, weary of persecuting him, now began to show him signal marks of favour. The theatrical circles of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin reversed the judgment which had been pronounced in London. His appearance in these towns drew crowded houses, and the audiences were by no means sparing in their applause. In Edinburgh, especially, he had every reason to be proud of his success. When he appeared the boxes of the theatre were graced with the presence of Professor Wilson, Jeffrey, and other members of that polished circle which still kept up the memory and the associations of the literary glory which had been won by a former generation of Edinburgh philosophers. They did more than attend his acting; they invited him to their houses; and the encouragement thus afforded him in the earlier portions of his career was always gratefully remembered by him in after life. He did not confine his tours to this country; but made a professional visit across the Atlantic, where he was received by the New York audience with the same favour that attended him in the large towns of Great Britain. By little and little he thus won his way to an established reputation, and felt himself in a position to appeal to a London audience for a reversal of the harsh sentence that had been pronounced against him some years before. He had, indeed, made an effort some time before, and in 1833 he played *Iago* to his father's *Othello* in Covent Garden—his future wife, Miss Ellen Tree, sustaining the part of Desdemona. The performance was made the more remarkable by the fact that the elder Kean's rare powers gave way in the course of it, and his death followed soon after. But neither did this melancholy event, nor the improvement which had evidently taken place in the son's style of acting, suffice at that time to mitigate the sternness of the doom which had been pronounced against him, and he was once more sent upon his travels. The result was discouraging; but if his spirit was not broken when a friendless boy, he was driven from the London boards six years before, he was not likely to succumb now, when he had an established reputation in the provinces to fall back upon.

At last the tide of fortune turned even in London, and as it happened he had offers from managers of both the great houses about the same time. Mr. Macready was then the manager of Covent Garden, and was producing our classical plays with a fulness and splendour of scenic illustration which had never before been attempted—though it was afterwards carried out in still more gorgeous style by Mr. Kean himself—and he, becoming sensible of the merits of the provincial star, made a proposal to the young man to join his company. The offer was not accepted, but soon afterwards, he closed with a proposal which came from Mr. Bunn, who was then manager of the rival house of Drury Lane, and accepted an engagement for 20 nights at 50*l.* a night. He made his first appearance in January, 1838, in the character of Hamlet, and then for the first time he tasted the sweets of metropolitan favour. The theatre was crowded every night on which he appeared, and the manager had so much reason to be satisfied with the bargain he had made, that the 20 nights of the original engagement were extended to 40. Indeed, we learn from those amusing volumes into which Mr. Bunn has crowded so many autobiographical reminiscences as well as so much theatrical gossip, that the receipts were, during this engagement of the younger Kean, little short of those that were taken at the same theatre when his father was at the fulness of his fame. It happened here as in Edinburgh, not only were the ordinary playgoers attracted, but men eminent in various professions, crowded to witness his performances and were proud to inscribe him on the list of their friends. The Queen herself, then in the first year of her reign, came to witness his performance of *Richard III.*, and at the close of the play she sent a message to express how much she had been gratified by Mr. Kean's personation of the crook-backed monarch. The Royal approbation thus expressed was not a mere barren sentiment. Her Majesty became a frequent visitor of the theatre when Mr. Kean was on the boards, and in 1847 she expressed her appreciation in a still more marked manner. With the womanly kindness and thoughtfulness for others which has ever been the most marked feature in Her Majesty's character, she determined to gratify her Windsor household during the Christmas holidays with a series of private theatricals, and for this purpose Mr. Kean was engaged as manager, with instructions to select a company for the occasion out of the actors in the various London companies that he might think desirable. The arrangement was productive of much enjoyment, and was continued for several years. It was put an end to at last in consequence of the complaints of an ill-conditioned actor, who made a public complaint of the Royal shabbiness because he was only allowed for his Windsor performances double the sum which his merits would command from an ordinary manager.

We have no desire to trace Mr. Kean through the history of his various engagements. It may be enough to state in general

terms that, though he had thus secured his ground before a London as well as before a provincial audience, he showed no desire to settle in the metropolis. His visits to London were only occasional; and he varied them not only by trips through the provinces, but also by more than one visit to the United States. In 1842 he married Miss Ellen Tree at Dublin, a union which contributed not more to his professional advantage than it did to his domestic happiness. This lady, henceforth, accompanied him in his various excursions, and the joint attraction of their acting secured crowded houses wherever they came. It was not till 1850 that he thought of settling up his rest in London. In that year he became the lessee of the Princess's Theatre, and immediately began to illustrate his idea of the way in which Shakespeare's plays should be performed, by a series of gorgeous scenic illustrations with which he enriched the performances of "Henry VIII.," "Richard III.," "Henry V.," "The Tempest," "Byron's" "Sardanapalus," and other dramas. There were not wanting critics, indeed, who at the time condemned this system of splendid scenery and decoration, as tending to lower the drama to a mere spectacle, which they said, was of a piece with the manager's own genius, that was melodramatic rather than dramatic. But, however strict these critics were, there was no doubt as to the effect upon the audiences, and crowded houses, with the repetition of the same play for many nights together, rewarded his exertions. He resigned the lease of the theatre in 1860, and his friends determined to mark his retirement with some signal stamp of their approbation. Some of his contemporaries at Eton took the lead in the movement, and a public dinner was given to him at St. James's Hall, over which the late Duke of Newcastle presided. A more substantial mark of approbation followed soon afterwards. A subscription had been raised to present him with a piece of plate, and 2,000*l.* having been subscribed for that purpose, it was presented in a graceful and eloquent speech by Mr. Gladstone, who presided on that occasion. In the year 1863 Mr. Kean meditated, and executed, a more extended theatrical tour than had ever before been undertaken by any member of his profession. It was, in fact, a tour round the world, in which he and his wife embarked. They visited Australia, Vancouver's Island, California, Panama, the States, Canada, Cuba, and Jamaica, returning home from their long extended tour in 1866. The excursion was understood to have been a great success. In the different colonies of Australia, especially, their reception was all that could have been desired, and it is said that the pecuniary harvest they reaped by their six months' stay was worthy of the land of gold to which they had gone. Returning to England, Mr. and Mrs. Kean resumed their former habits of giving short performances in London and in the country theatres. This, unfortunately, was now to be soon brought to a close. In the summer of last year he was seized with the affliction which incapacitated him from the stage, and has now terminated his life.

We have purposely refrained from any estimate of Mr. Kean's merits as an actor. We know that notwithstanding the favour with which of late years he has been received on the London boards there are critics whose opinion is entitled to great weight who adhere to the unfavourable opinion which was first expressed, and who deny him the possession of that vivid force which constitutes the genuine actor. Probably no one who has seen the two would rank him, for instance, with his own father. But if in his professional career he sank below him, in his private relations he was as much his superior. His endeavour through life was to preserve as an actor the character, the bearing, and the position of a gentleman, and in this all will admit he fully succeeded.

Mr. Kean's funeral took place at Keydon, in Hampshire, on Thursday, and, in accordance with his wishes, it was quite private.

Mrs. Kean has received from the Queen a letter which expresses in the most gracious terms the sympathy which Her Majesty feels with Mrs. Kean in the loss she has sustained.

## LITERATURE.

"Byways in Palestine." By James Finn. (Nisbett & Co.)

As a specimen of Mr. Finn's descriptive manner, we give his picture of a scene beyond Jordan:—

"We halted at a small spring oozing from the soil of the field. The place was called, Hheker Zabot—a pretty place, and cuckoos on the trees around us; only the locusts were troublesome. 'Abdu'l-Azeez proposed that instead of going at once to Ammon, we should make a detour by Heshbon and Elealeh, on the way to his encampment. To this we all assented. During the ride forward the old sheikh kept close to me, narrating incidents of his life—such as his last year's losses by the Beni Sukhr, who plundered him of all his flocks and herds, horses, tents, and even most of his clothing—then described the march of Ibrahim Pasha's army in their disastrous attempt upon Kerak; also some of the valiant achievements of his kinsman Gublan; and then proceeding to witicism, gave me his etymological origin of the name of Heshbon—namely, that, on the subsiding of the great deluge, the first object that Noah perceived was that castle, perched as it is upon a lofty peak; whereupon he exclaimed, 'Hush! ban—a castle appears!' I wish I could recollect more of his tales. After passing through a romantic scenery of rocks and evergreen trees, at a sudden turn of the road we came to large flocks and herds drinking, or couched beside a copious stream of water gushing from near the foot of a rocky hill. This they called 'Ain Hhesban; and told us that the Egyptian army, above alluded to, 20,000 in number, passed the night there before arriving at Kerak. To many of them it was their last night on earth. There were remains of large masonry lying about, and the scene was truly beautiful—to which the bells of the goats and cows added a charming musical effect. I asked an Arab, who was bathing in a pool, where he had come from, and he, quakingly answered, 'From the other end of the world.' And I suppose, he was right in saying so, for what meaning could he attach to the designation, 'the world? He must have meant the world of his own experience, or that of his tribe, or his parents, probably extending to the end of the Dead Sea, in one direction, to the Lake of Tiberias, in another; to the Mediterranean in the west, and in the east to the wilds unknown beyond the road of the Hhesban pilgrimage. 'From the other end of the world' quoth he, the companion of a shepherd-boy with his flute, at a mountain spring, pitching pebbles at the sheep of his flock to keep them from wandering away over their extent of the 'world.'"

The volume is enriched by a number of wood-cuts, and is a real addition to our knowledge of the topography of Palestine.

## THE INDIAN FURLOUGH REGULATIONS.

Referring to the report of the Indian committee on this subject, whose conclusions, it is understood, will be adopted by the Home Government, on the whole, having regard to the necessities of the State, which must always be the first consideration, it would be difficult to conceive concessions framed in a more liberal spirit; and they will probably be found to give entire satisfaction to all concerned. There is only one point upon which we have any regret to express—that the committee, while extending their labours as they have done to the case of the civil service proper, did not also include the uncovenanted service, which in these days embraces men holding posts of the highest importance, and is very far from being confined, as it once was for the most part, to persons born and bred in India, and who might, therefore, not be expected to require at any rate regular leave to a country which they can scarcely call "home."—*Standard.*

## THE DRAWING ROOM.

## THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Every term conveying admiration and praise of which our language is capable has at one time or other been applied to the entertainments given by the Prefect at the Hotel de Ville, and well do they merit all that can possibly be said in their favour, for they are truly magnificent.

The rooms are adorned with exquisite artistic objects, and the fittings are even on a more superb scale than those at the Tuilleries. Flowers and fountains and brilliant lights achieved wonders on Thursday last in imparting to the grand staircase a most fairy-like aspect.

M. and Mme. Hausmann, as is their custom, received the company at the entrance of the principal room. Their charming daughters contributed much to the enjoyment of the visitors by their animated manners and agreeable civilities. The eldest (Mme. Dolfus) wore a satin dress of the colour called "Bordeaux," or claret, with a tulle tunic to match over it; the bouillonnés on the tunic were separated by narrow rouleaux of claret satin. A wide satin sash was tied in the middle of the skirt, and the bodice was tastefully, but not profusely, ornamented with gold trimmings. Head-dress claret velvet leaves, with gold veining and stalks.

The Prefect's younger daughter (the Baroness Perneti) wore a white tulle bouillonné skirt, with a white satin tunic over it, and pearl and diamond ornaments.

Mme. Paulin Talabat wore rather an eccentric, but at the same time what proved a very becoming toilette. It was composed of garnet coloured tulle, and the bouillonnés, which were arranged on the skirt in perpendicular lines, or montants, were separated by long peacock feathers.

Mme. Feydeau looked charming in that style of dress, which is called "Nuage." It is composed of several skirts of unhemmed tulle arranged one above the other. A scarf-sash made of tulle was tied at the back, and an exquisite garland of leaves ornamented the front of the skirt.

Mme. Verbinghe wore a white satin dress trimmed with black lace flounces, which crossed in front of the skirt. Sashes of gold-coloured satin covered with white tulle bouillonnés formed a heading to the flounces. Black lace berthe. Head-dress of white lilac, with gold foliage.

Pretty Mlle. Verbinghe wore white tarlatane; the skirt was bordered with wide bouillonnés, and narrow ones were continued up the left side as far as the waist; these latter puffs were separated by pompon roses. A large agrafe of roses was fastened at the bottom of the skirt on the left side. The hair was dressed in the Louis XV. style, and decorated with roses.

Mme. Baroche wore a pink tulle dress with a tunic of rich pink poult de soie, trimmed with blonde over it; the tulle skirt formed a manteau de cour at the back, and was cut with an immensely long train.

Among the more remarkable toilettes was that worn by the Comtesse de Men—which consisted of a dress made quite in the Louis XV. style, and so short was it in front that the exquisitely fitting straw-coloured satin boots of its wearer were plainly visible. The skirt was à paniers, and the train was so long that the Comtesse, when moving about, carried it gracefully over her arm, a fashion that was imitated by several ladies whose skirts were of immoderate dimensions. These trains are undoubtedly very graceful when space is not wanting for their display. These long trains are now cut in a new form, which is one of the many inventions of Mme. Elise's, a dressmaker whose reputation stands high among the English aristocracy resident in Paris. To her invention we also owe the introduction of the Dona Sol sash, which is made of gimp of peculiar manufacture, and worked thickly over with small jet beads. This sash commences at the sides and describes a sort of basque; it then descends the skirt, and is crossed almost at the edge of it, forming a large bow and terminating with long silk tassels. The bodice is trimmed with gimp of similar workmanship, which I can best describe as an imitation of the chasing on gold ornaments. This gimp forms braces over the shoulders, and at the back it simulates a pelerine. A black lace bow is fastened to the point of the pelerine, and the ends fall as long sashes on to the skirt. This sash is often used for looping up the long trained skirts. Mme. Elise also makes the new marquises petticoats à paniers, which are now almost indispensable with the new ball toilettes.

A youthful foreign lady, whose name I did not hear, appeared at the Hotel de Ville ball in a charming toilette composed of Dagmar blue tulle. The skirt was bordered with a blue tulle flounce, and above it there was a white tulle tunic thickly spangled with silver; garlands of blue velvet leaves veined with silver and mounted on silver stems were crossed like a sash at the back of the tunic. The low square bodice was trimmed with deep silver fringe, and a Watteau bouquet was fastened at the left of the bodice.

The thaw came on too quickly to please the skaters, who, during the last days of frost, had become very numerous. The lady skaters who on their first appearance on the ice dressed simply, assumed the most extravagant toilettes before the thaw put a stop to their amusements. Mme. Metternich was one day seen on the ice wearing a band of diamonds under her hat, and the Duchess de Morny with a diamond star. I was not present, therefore, cannot testify to the fact, but prefer coming to the conclusion that these ornaments were pebble crystals from the Rhine rather than precious stones; for although both these ladies possess a large number of splendid diamonds, they have assuredly better taste than to wear them when skating.

January is decidedly the month of all others when the greatest number of visits (or calls as they are termed in England) are made. The train skirt is no longer de rigueur for paying ceremonious visits; several young married women belonging to the aristocratic world have bravely returned the New Year's calls in short costumes, and for these calls, black velvet dresses over coloured satin petticoats are worn in preference to any others. The petticoat is selected to contrast with the skirt, either Empress-blue, Metternich-green, or violet satin. One or two Marie Antoinette flounces border the petticoat, and the velvet skirt is ornamented either with jet fringe, satin rouleaux, or flat braids. It is then looped up à la Jeannette, with a wide sash fastened to the middle of the back of the skirt. The élégantes wear a satin sash the same colour as the petticoat; but those who dress in a simpler style adopt in preference either a black satin or black poult de soie sash, which is less conspicuous. A Marie Antoinette mantelet made of black velvet, or a short loose paletot with wide Hungarian sleeves, completes the costume. The sleeves are lined with satin the same colour as the petticoat. If the costume is trimmed with fur it should be made entirely of velvet.

The leading dressmakers are now commencing to substitute chenille for jet trimmings, especially for the edge of tunics. A pretty style of ornamenting a tunic consists of two cross-bands of satin slightly bouillonné, and in the hollow of each bouillonné a small satin pompon. I have seen a fawn-coloured velvet tunic trimmed thus with fawn satin; the tunic opened squarely at the sides, discovering the satin skirt underneath, and at the edge there was a handsome chenille fringe. A wide sash bordered with cross-cut bands and pompons; the ends terminated with a complicated bow formed of chenille and chenille tassels.

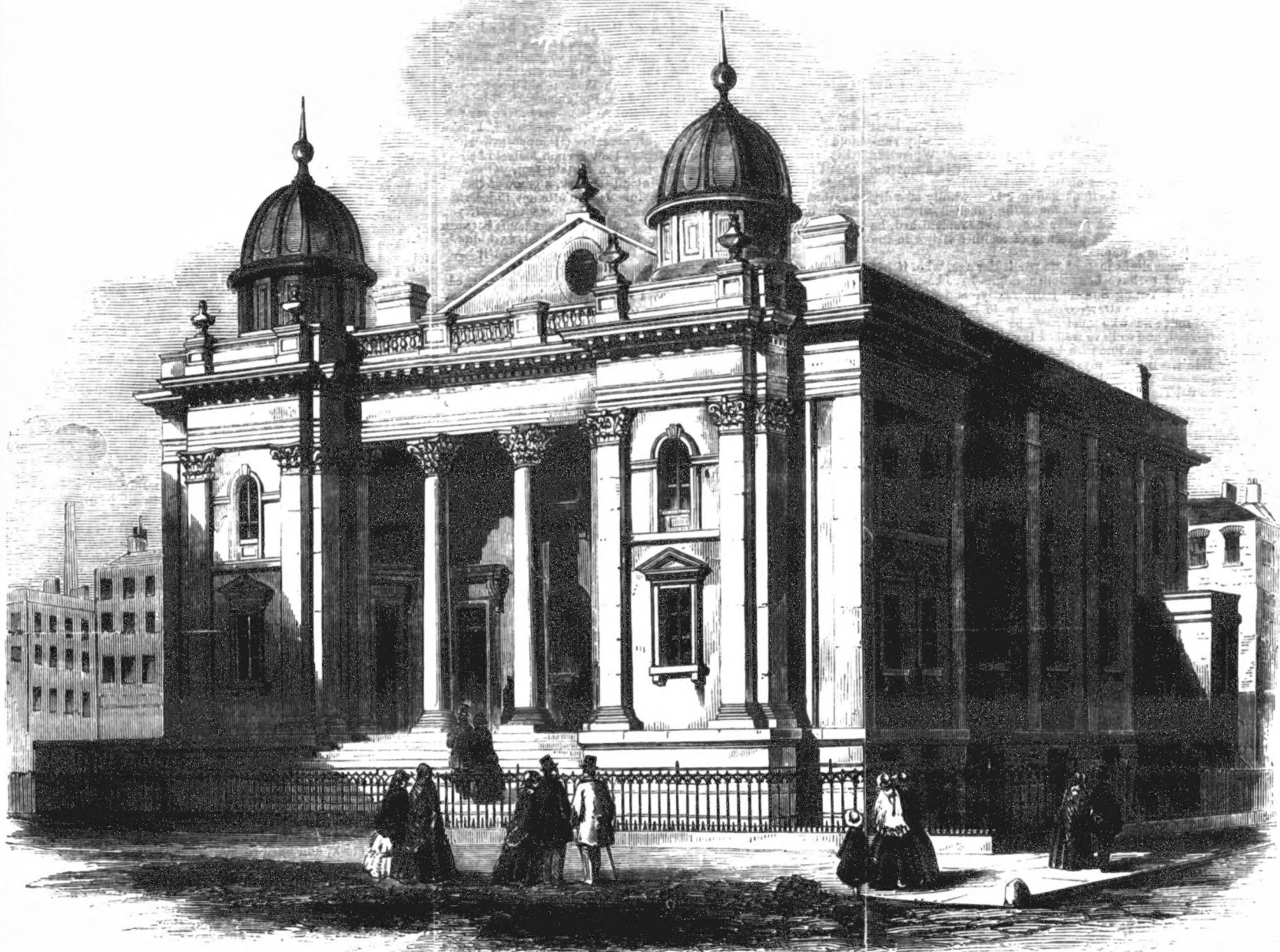
A novel style of arranging the hair has recently come into vogue, and will, I have no doubt, be adopted by those who have abundant tresses of natural growth. It is called the "Naiade coiffure," and is composed of a chignon of wavy hair falling over the shoulders, apparently without any art in the arrangement, and terminating in ringlets. Aquatic plants, water lilies, &c., are fastened among the loose wavy hair.—*Quen.*





THE CIVIL WAR IN CHINA—A DISGRACED MILITARY MANDARIN BRINGING THE NEWS OF THE DEFEAT OF THE IMPERIAL FORCES.





THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE AT MANCHESTER.

## The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

### CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN POLLYBLANK SEES IT ALL.

To be ragged, destitute, hungry, and in debt, and suddenly to be placed in possession of twenty pounds sterling, is in itself an occurrence of so unlooked-for and gratifying a nature, that the indulgence of the more jocund and convivial feeling of humanity on the part of the recipient must be regarded as a natural consequence of the event. The present writer had once a fourth share in a freehold situate in a slum in Somers Town; and that freehold being, under the terms of a Will, sold by auction at Garraway's, and realising some score more pounds than had been anticipated, the writer is not ashamed to confess, that he immediately cast all his preconceived plans for a chop and a glass of sherry at the "Cock," in Threadneedle-street, to the winds, and, for the space of about ten minutes, lived at the rate of ten thousand a year, inasmuch as he revelled at a half-pint basin of real turtle, and a glass of iced Punch at Birch's. The extravagance was scored up against him at the time, doubtless, with triply-notched chalk, and he will have to howl for it some day; but the turtle was delicious, and he did not forget to drink in iced punch the health of the speculative purchaser who had bidden so boldly for the freehold; which for his (the writer's) part, albeit it looked very well in the auctioneer's advertisement, was, to look at, about the dimmest tenement one could realise after a conception of Tennyson's "Moated Grange," and Hood's "Haunted House."

With twenty gold effigies of his Majesty rattling in his trousers' pockets, Captain John Pollyblank sat on the edge of the pembroke table in the equivocal parlour of the "Blue Pump" until very late on the same wet night that the man in the cloak came to buy the bracelet of him, and whose use of that bracelet a little after midnight you have heard of in the fifth chapter. The outward appearance—as to vestments—of the Captain was in no wise changed. He was as shabby, ragged, dirty and disreputable-looking as before; but it needed no tongue in the Captain's cheek, no wink in the Captain's eye, no hand-slapping of the Captain's pocket, to tell you that Captain Jack Pollyblank was in luck and funds, and didn't care twopenny for the Sheriff of Surrey.

He had not been idle since the departure of the strange gentleman who had bought the bracelet that had not fourpennyworth of gold in it, but just the worth of One Human Life prisoned in the fourth head from the tail end of the clasp. Beef and pickles had been ordered for the Captain's refectory, and brought in and voraciously consumed. The puri had been allowed ignominiously to cool, and grow flat and mawkish; and a real bowl of punch—the very best, both as to punch and bowl, that the "Blue Pump" could put on its pembroke for five shillings—steamed at the Captain's elbow. He had ordered Dick, the waiter, to have what he liked; and Dick had had what he liked, and a great deal more than was good for him. He had invited Simon Meggot, victualler, to partake of punch. So liberal was the Captain on the strength

of his newly-fledged prosperity, that I have no doubt he would have treated the company to glasses round of any thing to which they chose to give a name: only the night was so wet, that the "Blue Pump" parlour was deserted by its usual frequenters—medical students attached to the neighbouring Hospitals, St. Fawkes's, St. Griddle's, and St. Catherine Wheeler's, and sometimes even nascent practitioners from the great west-end Hospital of St. Lazarus. Medical students are more choice now-a-days in their houses of entertainment, and would indignantly resent being called "Sawbones." The company in the bar, consisting mainly of inebriated hatters, and those peripatetic dealers in fish, fruit, and vegetables, known under the generic name of "Costers," with a sprinkling of slipshod women, babies in arms, and mendicant cripples without any arms at all, were not a company who could be treated by a gentleman of the captain's position and prospects. So Jack sat and smoked his pipe, and drank his punch by himself, indulging in Alnaschar-like dreams the while, and fingering his twenty golden sovereigns; for his riches were still intact.

"And a remarkable circumstance it is," reasoned the Capitalist, "that when a man is known to have no money, every body wants to see the colour of that money before they will sell him a penny-loaf or a saveloy; whereas, directly he is known to have plenty of money, nobody wants to see it, but insist on selling him turtle and venison on credit. That chuff, Meggot, would have refused me trust for fourpenn'orth of liquor an hour since; and now I am at least eight shillings into those flinty ribs of his, only because he has caught a glimpse of the twenty pounds my uncle from India made me a present of. It would be only serving the rascal out not to pay him at all, even now."

"My uncle from India," he continued with complacent thoughtfulness, emptying the ashes from his pipe on the table, and slowly refilling that calumet; "my uncle from India is a most remarkable relation. A species of Dutch uncle, I may say. A close card, my uncle. A sly card. He wanted that for himself, did he? Ah! I daresay. However, it's no business of mine. The stuff will tell no tales."

It never entered the wretched man's mind that it was his own immortal business to know the purpose to which he to whom he had sold a subtle and deadly poison intended to apply it—a poison that, save a slight odour, would leave no mark, no sign, no trace, internal or external, on the body of the person to whom it had been administered. It never entered into his mind to reflect with horror that he was by that time the guilty and cold-blooded accomplice in either a murder or a suicide. We prate about conscience, and its still, small voice. We talk about stifling conscience, drugging it, searing it. I tell you there are fifty thousand villians that swagger in the streets every day between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner—villians with consciences as loud-voiced as the trumpets that blew down the walls of Jericho. Such villians let their conscience bray out as blatantly as it pleases. They laugh at conscience, and call it "my boy," and dig it in the ribs, and clap it on the shoulder. Grave doctors tell us that every murderer is, to a certain extent, mad when he murders. I believe that murderers abound, who, calculating chances, nicely weigh the odds between impunity and the scaffold; who, with a conscience wide awake, and watchful as a police-inspector or a newspaper editor, go and murder; and take con-

science with them simply because they want to murder; and even when they know detection to be certain, and the gallows imminent, yet go and murder because it suits their murderous purpose. And it is certain that these men go on studying Greek and Helrew, betting on Derbys and Oaks innumerable; marrying wives and rearing children; cramming strychnine down the throats of their friends and relations; eating pig and plum-sauce; and sleeping comfortably in four-post beds and nightcaps with tassels that tie under the chin—and murdering still with conscience at their elbow. Paradoxical it may seem; but I believe the poor Archbishop of Paris's conscience, or that of any other thoroughly good, harmless man, troubled and pained him about five hundred times more than the conscience of M. Verger—or any other bloodthirsty villain—troubled that late ecclesiastic and assassin.

"Some men," was the profound remark of the man with a Conscience, his new pipe being lighted to his satisfaction, "are said to be ready for anything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. To the first I may say I have been addicted from my youth upwards. With the last, Jack, it strikes me, you are not very far from intimate acquaintance."

"I wonder what it was," he resumed. "Love, forgery, a brother, or a wife, that stood in his way. Somebody to get rid of, I'll go bail. Was there ever such a curious thing as my being in this very room, not three months since, perdition hard up (though, by the way, that isn't so curious a thing), and on a night just as miserable as this one? Was there any thing so fortuitous as for that respectable pre-occupied individual to come here in that identical and interesting Spanish cloak of his, quite, as I am willing to believe, by accident, and merely driven in by stress of weather, while in pursuit of a wild-goose chase after a woman—what did he say was the name she passed by? A woman about forty years of age, with black hair, and deucedly dissipated-looking, who, he said, had been last heard of living in a three-pair back in Sun-court, and who, according to him, was a most uncommon good one at the rum bottle. By the way, he had been rather a good one at some bottle or another himself that night; for I never saw a closer imitation of a party who had been going in rather freely at the 'maddening wine-cup.' Maddening wine-cup! It must have been port by the bucketful, or sherry in quart-pots. Was there any thing ever so curious, either, as the way in which he went on here at the maddening brandy flask, likewise at the maniacal gin-noggin, to say nothing of the frantic whisky-measure? He emptied them into that respectable throatle of his, as though he had been a waste butt turned into a churchwarden, or banker, or a lord. He must have been one of them."

The bird's-eye had burned down low into the bowl again, and Jack Pollyblank contemptively used a fork-prong for a tobacco stopper.

"Drunk as William who came to grief, drunk as the pet female spaniel of the traditional violinist, was likewise John Pollyblank, armiger," he still mused, "on the eventful evening when it rained cats and dogs. Out came the domestic cat from J. P.'s bag. Blown was Jack Pollyblank's gaff—blown as a balloon. I told him my own story; I borrowed a 'quid,' a saffron-coloured pound from him; I told him of that bracelet I got hold of in the Black Town at Calcutta. I wish I'd never seen it, nor her who gave it me; for she's got more of those sort of wares in stock,



I know, and she'll murder me with a toothpick, or a shirt-pin, or a waistcoat-button some day, I'll be bound.

"Why should I regret it, though? He said he'd look me up again if he wanted it, and now, by Jove, he has looked me up, and he wants it, I suppose, for somebody; and Jack Pollyblank is twenty pounds the wiser, and can see no law why he should not enjoy himself thereupon. Hoorah!"

So mused, smoking and drinking, Captain Pollyblank. He was an atrocious scoundrel and villain, with a dash of humour and a spice of *bonhomie* in him; would, robbing Peter of five pounds, invest fivepence in treating Paul to drink, and would have his joke when he perjured himself. These ladies and gentlemen, are delightful social characteristics of about the most dangerous class of these roaring lions, who are continually running up and down seeking whom they may devour. When the demon is a jolly fellow and is fond of his joke, he is about the worst demon that you can meet on this side of Tophet.

Captain Pollyblank's reflections had not been wholly of a dry nature; for at their termination he found the punch-bowl empty. Ringing the bell to order that festive vessel to be replenished, he suddenly became aware of the presence of another visitor in the parlour of the "Blue Pump."

In the person of a slight man of no particular age, who, if his name had happened to have been Smith, might have been called "Old Smith" or "Young Smith" indifferently, and with equal safety; a person who was straw-coloured as to hair, and raven-hued as to costume, and who must have been, seemingly, in the receipt of fern-seed, and so have walked invisibly, for he had come no man knew whence, and no man knew how. At least, Captain Pollyblank didn't. But the mysterious appearance was there, at all events.

"Why, it's Sal Tinctop!" the Captain cried in a loud, cherry voice. "Welcome, Sal. Welcome, little stranger. Welcome, thou silent, pale-faced, snub-nosed haystack. Welcome to the halls of Pollyblank; for Pollyblank is in funds, and will treat thee royally, Chy-ike!"

With which mysterious adjuration, or expletive, or masonic "jodel" of "Chy-ike!" whatever it meant, Jack made a feint of embracing the straw-coloured man in black, whom he addressed as Sal Tinctop, and welcomed him to the halls of Pollyblank;

among whose personal qualities, it may be observed, once for all, personal courage did not by any means shine.

"You have known me for a long time, and you know me pretty well, I think."

"Y-y-yes, Jack."

"Listen, then, to the wisdom of Pollyblank, my friend," the Captain resumed quite jocosely. "You have made a communication to me to-night which you could not help yourself in making, seeing that the Three Fates, the Nine Muses, and the Board of Ordnance have decreed that you, Seth Tinctop, shall be for ever and a day my Pump, and that I, Jack Pollyblank, shall be your sucker. The communication is useful to me—may make my fortune, and yours too into the bargain. On the other hand, I have told you certain things that might, hereafter (if supported, which they are not, by credible evidence) lead certain fools to believe that I have been an accessory before a certain fact. Observe: There is an oracle herein that I intend to work, a game of hazard at which I mean to throw a main. If you attempt to interfere with, or cross, or counteract, whatsoever I choose to do—if you don't keep that tongue of yours as tight as handcuffs between your teeth—and if you are not in all things my tool, deaf, dumb, blind, halt to everything but what I choose to tell you, I'll—"

"What, Jack, what?" the victim asked imploringly.

"I won't, any that I'll jump upon you," the Captain good-naturedly explained, "or that I'll pitch you into the Surrey Canal, or that I'll cut your throat, or poison you; but by—, Seth Tinctop," and here he swore a frightful oath, "I'll murder you!"

He threw his friend away from him as he spoke, with sportive brutality; and then taking his arm in a tight, but most friendly manner, and saying that it was "time to travel," swaggered out with him through the bar.

If Seth Tinctop had heard Captain Pollyblank take any oath in the witness-box of any court of justice, he would have known very well that his friend—false, ruffianly, depraved as he was—would immediately afterwards have perjured himself chin-deep, had it suited him so to do, without the slightest hesitation or remorse. But it is a curious fact that Captain Pollyblank's remarks, made at two o'clock in the morning and when highly inflamed with spirituous liquors, were by their hearer implicitly believed, and would have attained as unequivocal credence had they lacked the

## The Poisoner's Daughter: A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE PERSON IN THE MASK.

ST. LUKE paused and raised his eyes from the MS. to those of the alchemist.

But there was no remorse visible in the face of the latter. Neither was he looking at the colonel, though he heard and followed each word as it fell from the lips of St. Luke, who read rapidly, and in his sharp girlish voice.

The alchemist was watching the unmoving gaze of the fierce dark eyes which glittered beneath the mask. He knew that St. Luke was reading a true and minute account of the scene at Redburn Castle, and he was convinced that the author of the MS. was the man in the mask. He was bending all his keen scrutiny upon one mystery—viz.: "Who is the man in the mask?"

"You perceive," remarked St. Luke, "that you are being followed closely?"

"That Herbert Redburn is, yes. But I do not admit that I am he," replied the alchemist, quietly. "Go on. Read fast."

Herbert resumed St. Luke, reading, "ordered the servants to attend Sir Harry, saying that he was going that instant to arouse the country, for miles around, to seek for tidings of the missing lady and her babes."

"Leaving the castle and mounting his horse, he rode back to the lonely house of Larkster, intending to finish the evil work which he had commenced; and on his way, to keep up appearances, he told all whom he met to hasten to the castle."

"He found Lady Redburn apparently hopelessly insane—not a wild, raving madman, but a dull, silent stupidity, which he felt would pass off within a few hours. A sudden change of resolve came over him, and he determined not to put her to death, but to carry her from England."

"His mind made up as regards that, he resolved to poison the babes, which, if suffered to live, might eventually be the means of overthrowing his plans."

"But as he gazed at the little innocents, the extraordinary beauty of the girl struck his heart with a rare emotion of humanity, and the thought that she might some time serve to shield him from the vengeance of her brother, if that brother should live, or from the dangers of chance detection far in the future, caused him to resolve to spare her."

"But the boy Edgar must be put out of the way. Yet he did not poison him then; he would wait a few days and study the passage of events. He waited and pursued other plans."

"Sir Henry Redburn recovered slowly from the terrible shock—but recovered, and when Herbert visited the castle the next day he found access to the presence of his brother denied by the physicians who had been summoned."

"Days passed on, and Herbert heard that the baronet was surely recovering, though there were no tidings of Lady Eleanor and her babes. It was believed that she had, in a sudden fit of madness, fled with them, no one knew whither."

"This belief gained ground from the fact that the sister of Lady Eleanor, Lady Alice, second wife of the aged Earl of Branchland, had been showing symptoms of incipient insanity for several months."

"Here, for the first time, the alchemist started visibly, and his pale face appeared to grow paler. He withdrew his gaze from the eyes of the mask, and fixed them upon the reader of the MS."

St. Luke read on—

"Lady Alice, second daughter of Sir Edward Dudley, and two years the elder of Lady Eleanor, had married the aged Earl of Branchland, at the command, or rather desire, of her father. She never loved her white-haired husband, though she was a faithful and attentive wife. Her first affections had been placed upon Sir Henry, but family decision made her yield her secret wishes, and she became Countess of Branchland, while her sister became Lady Redburn."

"Herbert Redburn, at that time, was singular, like Sir Henry, in personal appearance, form, and feature, and he, though never a lover, was a favourite of Lady Alice. She regarded him as a brother, and he looked upon her as a means by which he might succeed in one of his many schemes of villany."

"He had discovered that he possessed an extraordinary power of commanding the thoughts and even the volition of many. Among those upon whom he could use this power, or sorcery—a magnetic, mysterious influence, by which he infused his own desires into the minds of others, and for a time made them his unconscious instruments—none yielded so readily and completely as Lady Alice."

"Holding this power, he determined to make her the murderer of her aged husband and her step-son, young Lord Albert, the latter a lad, at that time, ten or twelve years of age."

"His reason for desiring the death of the earl and the viscount was, that Herbert Redburn, after Sir Henry and his heir, would be heir-at-law of the Branchland title and estates."

"Therefore he craved for the death of the aged earl and Lord Albert, and gradually fitted Lady Alice to become a murderess. He found that while she was under the influence of certain poisonous drugs her mind yielded almost instantly, and almost completely, to that extraordinary power which he possessed of controlling her will."

"The aged earl was unsuspecting, and Herbert had ample opportunity to practise upon his victim. He was accustomed to throw Lady Alice into that unconscious state of mind in which his thoughts and promptings ruled in her brain, and to make her practise with a dagger the feat of stabbing through a ring."

The reader paused, and the alchemist, who listened to this recital of the fearful use to which he had put this discovery of the then unknown science of mesmerism, as it is sometimes called, mentally exclaimed:—

"Who has told all this? There is but one who knew so much, and she is dead. She died years ago."

St. Luke read on rapidly:—

"Lady Alice, under his tuition, became perfect in the performance of this feat, and even when free from that mysterious loss of her own will, sometimes wondered how she had attained such steadiness of eye and hand so readily."

"One day, not two weeks after the disappearance of Lady Redburn, a terrible deed was discovered within Branchland Castle. The earl was found stabbed through the heart."

"He laid upon his bed, to which he had peacefully retired the preceding night, stark and dead, pierced through the heart—the dagger with which the deed had been done still in the wound, and upon his breast a divided gold ring."

"Herbert Redburn had placed that ring upon the breast of the sleeping nobleman, and then, throwing Lady Alice into a kind of walking trance, led her from the reception room below to the earl's apartments, where he, by the mere exertion of his will, had compelled her to strike at the ring, as she had often done before."

"She struck, and made herself a murderess and a widow at the same instance. Still unconscious that she had slain any one, she remained obedient to the will of her infernal master, and fled."

"Secretly aided by him, she escaped from England, and was never heard of again by Herbert Redburn, farther than that she died soon after."

"This deed horrified all who heard of it, and nearly drove insane her father, Sir Edward Dudley, who believed that she had committed the deed deliberately, and who was already suffering great



GERVASE FALCON FALLS DEAD.

then, and for that time situate in the parlour of the "Blue Pump."

"I see it all," exclaimed the Captain.

Just then the clock struck twelve. I wonder what it was the Captain saw.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE MORNING AFTER.

THE reader who pays attention to the march of time will remember that it was twelve o'clock at night when the convivial Pollyblank hailed the entrance into the parlour of the "Blue Pump," of a person of light complexion known to him by the appellation of Tinctop, and who could not by any possibility have been a nearer relative to the morally deaf and dumb assistant of Mr. Fleem, F.R.C.S., than he was, seeing that he happened to be that deaf and dumb assistant himself.

The mere appearance of this confidential practitioner had been sufficient to cause Captain Pollyblank to explain that "he saw it all," but it was not till about two o'clock on the morning after, and subsequent to the consumption of quantities of punch and tobacco, which to those unacquainted with the capacity for holding alcohol and inhaling nicotine possessed by the Captain, would have seemed unattainably immense, that he started up, declaring that he saw it now as clear as crystal, and that Mr. Tinctop was a thrice-distilled ass—only that he did not use so mild an epithet as that—for not enabling him to see it all two hours sooner.

"You sappy Spooney! you dolt! you nincompoop! you joller-headed, batter-pudding-brained griffin! you bag of soft sawdust from a timber head," he cried out in a rage; "you've been leading me on the wrong scent, with your confounded humming and hawing. Why couldn't you come straight to the point, pap-skull?"

"How was I to know that you knew the parties?" meekly remonstrated the malignant Mr. Tinctop. "What a one you are to go on, Jack! How could I tell that Mr. Falcon of Grosvenor-square—"

"There, hold your tongue," hastily interposed his friend. "Sop," he added suddenly, seizing the deaf and dumb assistant by the collar of his coat, and looking steadily, and with a kind of humorous ferocity, in his face. "Look you here, Tinctop of mine."

"W-w-well, what is it, Jack?" stammered that gentleman,

immoral support of an imprecation. For Seth Tinctop knew him well; and Captain Pollyblank knew him also.

The landlord was fast in a sottish sleep behind his bar; and Dick, the waiter, drowsing by the closed door, woke up to let them out.

"There was fifteen and eightpence to pay," he muttered in leaden language.

It was perfectly in consonance with the more facetious phrase of the Captain's character to have at once disabled the somnolent servitor by a cunningly-directed blow in some sensitive part of his anatomy, and profiting by the bar between himself and the landlord, to have made a run for it, without paying the score at all. On the present occasion, however, with an integrity and a magnanimity and generosity wonderful to record and delightful to view the Captain threw a shining sovereign on the beer-stained pawner of the bar counter, and bade Dick take it out of that, and keep the change.

Dick wanted no second telling, but sprang on the precious coin, taking care to bite it, as a measure of precaution, before he drew the bolts of the door. So these loving friends went out into the morning.

It had cleared up wonderfully, and the moon was out. Interrogated by Pollyblank as to whether he was going, Mr. Fleem's assistant announced his intention of returning home to the residence of his chief, which was situate in a grandly dull street, as befitted so eminent a practitioner, in the neighbourhood of Park-lane. To this Captain Pollyblank rejoined, that, such being the case, and in consideration of the fineness of the weather, he would walk that way himself, for fear, too, he humorously added, his dear friend might lose himself or get into mischief. It is not improbable that the Captain had other motives in thus volunteering to accompany Mr. Tinctop to his domicile. Perhaps he wished to walk off the fumes of the punch and tobacco; perhaps he desired to work out, *en route*, some further information on a subject so momentous to him. Be it as it may, the two walked on together down and up and along streets and thoroughfares great and small, and over bridges, till in due time they reached Grosvenor-square itself, and passing through it on their way to the grandly dull street close by, found themselves opposite Gervase Falcon's mansion. Late, or rather early, as it was, there was a crowd before the house. There were carriages—Mr. Fleem's and Lord Baddington's; there were constables; there was the beadle; and there was a miscellaneous assemblage of night prowlers, and people with apparently no homes to go to.

(To be continued.)



agony of thought and heart from the mysterious loss of his favourite daughter, Lady Eleanor.

"His sharp investigations led him to suspect that she had been improperly intimate with Herbert Redburn, and that the latter was not only concerned in the murder of the earl, but also in the disappearance of Lady Eleanor and her babes.

"Meanwhile the drunken sexton, who had witnessed the scene in the graveyard, had begun to think that what he had seen was not a drunken dream; and the more he reflected and examined the locality the greater became his conviction that he had seen Lady Eleanor in the act of burying a child, and that he had also seen Herbert Redburn snatch up the babes and pursue Lady Redburn.

"The sexton spoke of what he had seen so far as the burying scene, and all mouths and ears were filled with the report; but he said nothing of the presence of Herbert Redburn, having resolved to make that part of his spying pay well.

"He therefore informed Herbert one day that he had made an appointment to meet Sir Henry Redburn on the next day, in the graveyard, at the spot where the scene had transpired, to tell him all about it; and intimated that he had seen him in the matter, and needed a large bribe to keep his knowledge to himself.

"Herbert agreed to pay him liberally, and in parting used these words—

"Farewell, and pleasant thoughts, my good man," shaking hands with him heartily.

"This interview took place in the graveyard, not far from the spot where Lady Eleanor had been seen by the sexton, and was witnessed by a servant of Herbert, named John Cunningham, afterwards John Blair.

"The sexton did not walk far when he fell dead. Herbert, in bidding him adieu, had punctured the fleshy part of the sexton's hand with a poisoned blade concealed in a ring, and used by a hidden spring.

"Terrified by what he had seen and heard, Cunningham fled.

"Herbert Redburn, dreading the investigation of Sir Edward Dudley, hastened to remove Lady Eleanor from England. This he succeeded in doing with the aid of a Spaniard, a Captain Carlos Salvador, whose free and hearty manners and boldness of character had gained him admission into wealthy and titled circles.

"Carlos Salvador conveyed Lady Redburn and Herbert from England to Spain, the children being left in the care of Larkster. When Herbert returned to England he found that suspicion had begun to point so steadily at him that he resolved to fly from the country before all should be discovered. But one of the children had been carried away by Susan, the wife of Larkster.

"Susan detected her husband in the act of giving poison to the infant boy, and upon her accusation Larkster confessed to her that Herbert had commanded him to administer a certain portion each day, of a liquid which he left with him. That he had been doing so for some time, and that the child had had several convulsions, produced, without doubt, by the drug.

"Susan resolved to save the boy's life, and fled with him. Larkster told Herbert, when he demanded what had become of the child, that Susan had killed it, and, fearing detection, fled, where he knew not.

"Herbert was pleased to hear that the boy was no more, and he and Larkster, carrying the infant girl with them, fled to Spain.

"After a few years Herbert Redburn returned to England, and hid himself in London under the name of Reginald Brame. He had with him the mad Lady Eleanor, who bore the name of Mag Floss, and the little girl, now called Lenora, and by him claimed to be his daughter.

"The reader again paused, and the aspect of the alchemist had become one of terror. He was appalled to find that his deeds and secrets were being revealed almost as minutely as he could have told them himself.

St. Luke resumed:—

"Herbert Redburn, or, as he now calls himself, Reginald Brame, was six feet in height, slender, yet broad-chested and powerful. His eyes were blue, his nose aquiline, his hair light, his beard scanty, and the first joint of his left little finger missing." The alchemist now made no effort to conceal the tell-tale finger. He made no remark, but listened earnestly as St. Luke proceeded to speak.

"You have heard, sir. Do you now think that those who know so much of your history can fail to convince a jury that you are Herbert Redburn?"

"Let that pass," replied the alchemist. "I am Herbert Redburn. I have told the Lord Protector that I am Herbert Redburn—I told him so last night, in this house, in this room. I am Herbert Redburn, young man. Now prove that I ever had a wife—a wife, remember, named Edith."

"You need further proof. You demand it?"

"Yes. You may be very well acquainted with much which has become, or was at one time, common report," replied the alchemist.

"You will at least admit that you had a son named Hereward, whose mother's name was Edith?" asked St. Luke.

The alchemist reflected for a moment, and then replied:

"I will admit that also, but as the mother of that child stole him from me, and as both were lost while escaping from England to France, I think it will be very hard for you to prove yourself that son."

"I will first tell you why I claim to be your son," said St. Luke.

"It is that we may be allies."

"Allies! You and I?" exclaimed the alchemist, sneeringly.

"Why not, if I prove myself to be your son? There is no need for you now to deny that I am your legitimate son, if I prove that I am your child."

The alchemist nodded gravely, and replied—

"Why allies?"

"You are Herbert Redburn, the nearest of blood to Henry, Duke of Langford, after his daughter Matilda, who is Lenora Brame. But you are outlawed. I can remove the decree of outlawry, I have no doubt. Yet what benefit do you derive from that? The Duke of Langford and his daughter still live; and while they live, or any of their descendants, you cannot become Duke of Langford. You always hated Lord Albert, Earl of Branchland. You compassed the death of his father, because the old earl stood between you and the title and the estates of Branchland. You intended to compass the death of young Lord Albert of Branchland, but the early discovery of your crimes, your murders, your schemes, your poisonings, forced you to fly from England; and, when you returned to bury yourself in this house, you dared not show a sign that you were anything but a physician and alchemist. Is this not true?"

"You are speaking the truth, go on," replied the alchemist, beginning now to wonder if this sagacious colonel was really his son, and thinking that if he were, what an admirable ally he would make.

"You say that you have told the Lord Protector that you are Herbert Redburn," continued St. Luke, after the person in the mask had advanced and whispered a few words. "If you have done so, it is because you have made, or desire to make, some agreement, some bargain, a compact with him. Perhaps to place Charles Stuart in his power, for which service he, the Protector, is to pardon you."

"The alchemist was again startled, for St. Luke, or the mask who had prompted him, had stumbled upon, or hit the truth. It could not be the result of stumbling; it was the result of a practised mind, skilled in studying and fathoming the motives of minds as acute and deep as his own.

"But you do not trust Cromwell," continued St. Luke, "no

more than you trust the outlawed Prince, whose lurking place you may have in your mind to this instant. Perhaps you have doubly guarded yourself—made a compact with Charles Stuart. You are capable of anything secret, daring, devilish. So am I, or I would not be your son."

St. Luke struck the table smartly with his palms, a gesture which emphasised his words with sharp effect—so sharp that even the man in the mask, as well as the alchemist, started visibly.

"I say that I, Raymond St. Luke, or Hereward Redburn, as I claim to be, and am, can prove myself to be, am capable of anything secret, daring, devilish, or I would not be your son. Well, you are growing old."

"But not feeble, young man," interrupted the alchemist, tartly.

"No matter. You need not trust the promises of Cromwell," said St. Luke. "Especially, if I oppose you. But as allies—you and me, I mean—you may become Duke of Langford, possessor of Branchland—nay, more, what you, in the hot flush of that love you once bore towards my mother, confessed as the only boundary of your ambition—possessor of the throne of England!"

As St. Luke uttered those sounding words—"Possessor of the throne of England"—the alchemist cried out—

"Prove that you are my son Hereward, and I will prove that my son Hereward was the legitimate child of Herbert and Edith; and you and I will be allies—nay, more, father and son."

"And will you forgive all who live to say, 'I aided in the abduction of the infant son of Herbert Redburn, of Essex?'" demanded St. Luke.

"Forgive all? There was but one, and she is past an earthly forgiveness, for she is dead. But," added the alchemist, emphatically, "were she alive, though I and she could never meet except as those who have been deadly enemies, I would, to regain my son, consent to forget the past."

The mask now advanced, and, deliberately taking off the covering of the face, revealed the features of Madame St. Luke.

"That she was a woman the alchemist detected at a glance, but it was not until she spoke that he recognised her, so great was the change which had taken place in her features since he had seen them.

"Herbert Redburn," she said in a firm voice, "I am your wife, Edith."

"Edith! Alive! You! It is true!" were the rapid exclamations which fell from the quivering lips of the alchemist.

"And this," she continued, placing her hand upon the head of St. Luke, "is our only child, Hereward. Five attempts have you made this day to poison to death your own son."

"I do not deny it," replied the alchemist in a stern icy tone, "for I thought him my enemy; and he was my enemy—he may be my enemy now. You, I know, are my bitterest enemy."

"And have you not been mine, Herbert Redburn? Did you not, by your arts win my love, make me your wife, and when wearied with me, or when you found me in the way of your ambitious schemes, deny the legality of that marriage? You sought to rob me of my good name. You did rob me of my good name, and made me a scold, a sneer, a scandal to all Essex. In revenge I bore away your son, and all your efforts to trace us farther than the coast of England ended in the sea, where you believed we perished."

"True, and knowing your vindictive and cunning nature so well, madam," he said, "I wonder that I have lived so long."

"Because only of late did I learn that Reginald Brame was Herbert Redburn, and but for your son you would not now be alive. For his sake I am willing to dismiss the past."

"You may be deceiving me in this matter, madam."

"You know I am not, Herbert Redburn. Look at him. Eyes, nose, mouth, manner—all are yours."

The alchemist did not doubt. He had been studying the features of St. Luke with an eagerness strange to him, and his heart and brain told him that the young colonel was his son.

"If I admit him to be my son, what then? What becomes of you? Will you claim all the rights which belong to a lawful wife?"

A look of profound, inexpressible hate and scorn flashed over the features of Madame St. Luke as she heard the question, and all her fiery spirit sparkled in her eyes as she replied:—

"Not one, Herbert Redburn, not one! If I hated you when I fled from you, I hate you a thousand times more now. Rights of a wife! Man or devil, for I cannot tell which you are, restore to your son, not to me, the proofs of the legality of our marriage, those proofs which you so cunningly concealed, and I ask no more. I know all for which you have planned. Your son asks to be your friend, not your enemy, in the prosecution of those plans. He knows that Lady Eleanor Redburn has escaped from your power, and that she is now with her husband, the Duke of Langford, your brother, whose skill may soon restore her reason. He knows that Lenora, or Matilda, the daughter of the duke, has escaped from you, and that she is now at the farm house of old Giles Goodwin, with the Earl of Branchland, her lover."

"Perhaps I do not need his friendship," remarked the unmoved alchemist. "I hold in my hand the protection of the ruler of England."

"If you ever can leave this room alive," replied Madame St. Luke, in a significant tone. "The proofs of the legality of our marriage, Herbert Redburn. We demand them."

"Demand them? You said demand?"

"Demand. That was the word which my mother used," said Colonel St. Luke, as he rose. "And I repeat it. We do not ask we demand."

"And if I refuse?"

"You die. And after your are dead our son will pursue his plans alone," said Madame St. Luke, sharply.

The alchemist knew the desperate nature, resolute will, and rapid energy of this masculine woman when she was his wife, many years before. He remembered that he had taught her how to attack, to defend, both with steel and poison, until her skill in all equalled his own. He reflected that she must have increased in knowledge during the lapse of years, and that she had reared her son to be as formidable as herself.

He saw that both mother and son were in fearful earnest. He felt that he had been sleeping, as it were, upon the brink of a precipice, and that it had been in the easy reach of this bitter enemy, his wife, to hurl him headlong into the bottomless abyss.

Better feign friendship and faithful alliance, therefore, for a time, at least until he could catch an opportunity to destroy the woman, if not the son. It was time that he should be at work, to regain Lady Eleanor and Lady Lenora, and to slay Lord Albert of Branchland.

He unlocked a small and secret closet, selected a package of documents, and from among them drew forth two or three papers of a musty and faded appearance, which he placed upon the table, saying—

"Here are the proofs of the legality of our marriage, madam. With these you will have no difficulty in proving that you have the high honour, enviable honour, to be the lawful wife of Herbert Redburn."

Madam St. Luke replied to his sneer with a scornful flash of the eye, and grasped the papers with an eagerness which proved how great had been her desire to obtain them. She examined them sharply, and as she became fully satisfied of their genuineness, raised her eyes to those of the alchemist, and said—

"Had you remained true to me, Herbert Redburn, and not blasted my name, I would not be the woman that I now am. For our son's sake I refrain from avenging myself; but I warn you that if you attempt to injure him or me, our alliance ends, and either you or I, or both will fall."

"Madam," said the alchemist, "for the present our alliance is sincere upon my part. I have given you the proofs by which you can establish the legality of our marriage and the legitimacy of our son. I will wait a reasonable time for you to redeem your promise—to remove the decree of outlawry. After that I promise nothing."

"And I fear nothing," replied she, angrily, being irritated by his taunting calmness.

"Yet at this instant the lives of yourself and your son," said the alchemist, gravely, "are within my hand."

His right hand was resting carelessly upon what appeared to be simply the mapple of a drawer, fashioned in the wall. Madame St. Luke and her son were standing side by side near the table.

"If I draw upon this handle, you die, crushed to a mass of blood and bones," he continued. "Stand aside, and see how easily Herbert Redburn could free himself did he desire it."

Madam St. Luke and her son remained motionless, and she smiled scornfully, saying—

"Draw upon it, then, and see if there is not one who perfectly understands Herbert Redburn and all his cunning tricks of assassination. Draw, and die."

The alchemist did not draw at the innocent-looking handle. He let fall his hand and shuddered. Was his wife a woman or a sorceress? For she seemed to read even his thoughts.

(To be continued.)

#### WEARILY WOMAN.

WE have often wondered what manner of man it is that indites what we have learned to consider the inevitable weekly article on women for the *Saturday Review*. Woman as seen from the north, from the south, from the east, and the west; woman in every conceivable attitude and position, moral, social, and intellectual; women dressed, or "undressed"; woman as she was, as she is, and as she ought to be; "woman and her master"; "man and his master"; woman as a wife, and her evil influence in that capacity; as a "fleshy matron," with an account of her performances; "plutonic woman" as she is seen putting to the blush professors who ought to know better; woman in her decline growing old and not knowing how to do it; woman in her teens, in her dotage; woman trodden on, the worm turning again; woman as "an angry poetess," as an enraged authoress, as an unnatural mother, as a foolish, anxious one, as a claimant of the suffrage, as an upholder of her rights, as a student of medicine, as a "fair graduate," as a "wrangler," as a journalist, as a chaperone, as a hunter of foxes, as a hunter of husbands for herself—for her daughters, as an engaged person, as a subject for the galleys, as a member of sisterhoods, as a leader of fashion and cultivating insolence, as a "soiled dove," as a "wounded fawn," as a correspondent, as a friend, as seduced, as the seducer, as a *confidante*, as a travelling companion, as a writer of naughty books, as being lovely, as being plain; woman considered in relation to the Ten Commandments and the breaking of them, with especial reference to the seventh and eighth; woman as a saint, as a sinner, as a "fallen and friendless"; woman's influence on her husband, on the clergy, on charities, on literature, and on every other conceivable subject.

We need hardly say how admirably and thoroughly woman, whether in bud, bloom, or decadence, is taught her duty; or how striking all her weaknesses, real or supposed, are pointed out in these essays. That she has no sense of honour or capacity for justice, that she can never be taught logic, and is absolutely incapable of reasoning—these charges are too well known to be just to require any argument. By a wise philosophy, our contemporary merely names them as being inherent and recognised defects, and indulges neither in Utopian dreams of improvement nor useless lamentation concerning them. But on other matters the best advice is freely tendered to woman. Her mistakes, her extravagance, her general feebleness and foolishness, her excessive sensitiveness and superfluity of naughtiness are carefully analysed; the art and mysteries of her dress and costume are, so to speak, unveiled without pity; how woman paints herself, the composition and tint of the pigment most in fashion, the means by which, and the precise locality where she chooses artificially to enlarge her natural boundaries, all these matters are told without reserve. If in 1866 the amount of drapery worn about the waist was so far reduced as to "delight effeminate guardians," but neither to shock or discomfort the censor; in 1867 it was so scanty as to cause him to hold his hands before his outraged eyes.

There can, however, be no greater mistake than to imagine that by this apparent severity our contemporary really means ill to woman. There is only one passion which stimulates hatred, while in fact it is the opposite of it, and often we most chastise what we most love. To devote a column and a half to her once a week is a direct and palpable compliment to woman; which, as respecting and admiring her, we hope we know how to appreciate. We are glad, too, to read about her, if not quite once a week, at least once a fortnight; willing to indulge the meditation which such reading inspires. It was in one of these meditations that this question occurred to us:—So anxious as we all are to preserve to woman not only her modesty, but the very blush and bloom of it, is it wise, is it calculated to promote that excellent object, thus to dwell on her charms and her failings, her attributes and her supposed influence, every seventh day. Last she should be too uplifted, have we not decreed that in examinations she should, as far as regards merit, be distinguished, as the prisoners are at Pentonville, by numbers? and is it not in contravention to this wholesome discipline that there should be an unending *exposition de la femme*—that she should be, not individually we grant, but collectively and in the abstract, for ever held up to view, and dissected morally and intellectually, even though it be but to point out her faults and her follies, her many means of obtaining influence, her objectionable way of using them, her sins, in short, both of commission and of omission? We have some doubts on the subject, and having made our suggestion it is for our readers to adopt or reject it.

A late article headed "Plutonic Woman," in which a most disproportionate allowance is made for the influence of juvenile good looks, has attracted the notice of the *Spectator*, which, in its usual candid and philosophical spirit, comments thereon with amazing seriousness, and arrives at the conclusion that "most of it is put forth in mockery," that it is the production of an entirely unpractised hand in the duties of an examiner, and that "not a little affectation is assumed in order to appear striking." To read it one would indeed say that no male had ever yet faced a girls' school with composure; that music-master, dancing, drilling, or French master, had never yet instructed young ladies without consequences too awful to describe; that no man could be trusted to engage a housemaid, keep his washerwoman in order, find fault with a maid of all work or face his landlady; that committees of gentlemen and individual inspectors have never had to do with matrons, housekeepers, and female teachers; that no steward could ever get rent from a female tenant, no lawyer have without danger relations with a female client; that no jury would condemn a female prisoner, and no judge would sum up against her; that French professors and savants have never held their own in examining young French women (proverbially able to charm, and aware of the fact) for diplomas, degrees, certificates, &c., in arts and sciences.

To return, however, to the tap root of discussion, and putting young girls aside, women may be so far like the kingdom of Heaven that she can only be taken by storm; she may so far resemble the nettle as only to be harmless when tightly grasped; but grant the last supposition, to bullet and strike her only, and that constantly, may indeed produce a sensation, but hardly one, we venture to think, of sufficient importance to be repeated every week.—*Full Mail Gazette*.



## SENTIMENTAL TWADDLE.

SOME people think it right to call a spade a spade—some do not. And there is no doubt but that when it is a very dirty spade it is often as well to call it something else. Still there is no occasion to run into extremes or confusions, and to talk about a horticultural implement; shovel would very often meet all requirements. The worst of it is that when you get so refined as to reject even shovels and admit only horticultural implement, you are liable not only to convey to others a wrong impression of the size, shape, and use of what you are talking about, but also to conceive in your own mind incorrect ideas about the object you are speaking of. And thus it frequently happens that shams are not only undetected, but held up to admiration. A case in point is an anecdote related by "A. K. H. B." In a volume which he all but promises shall be his last, he tells the following anecdote:—

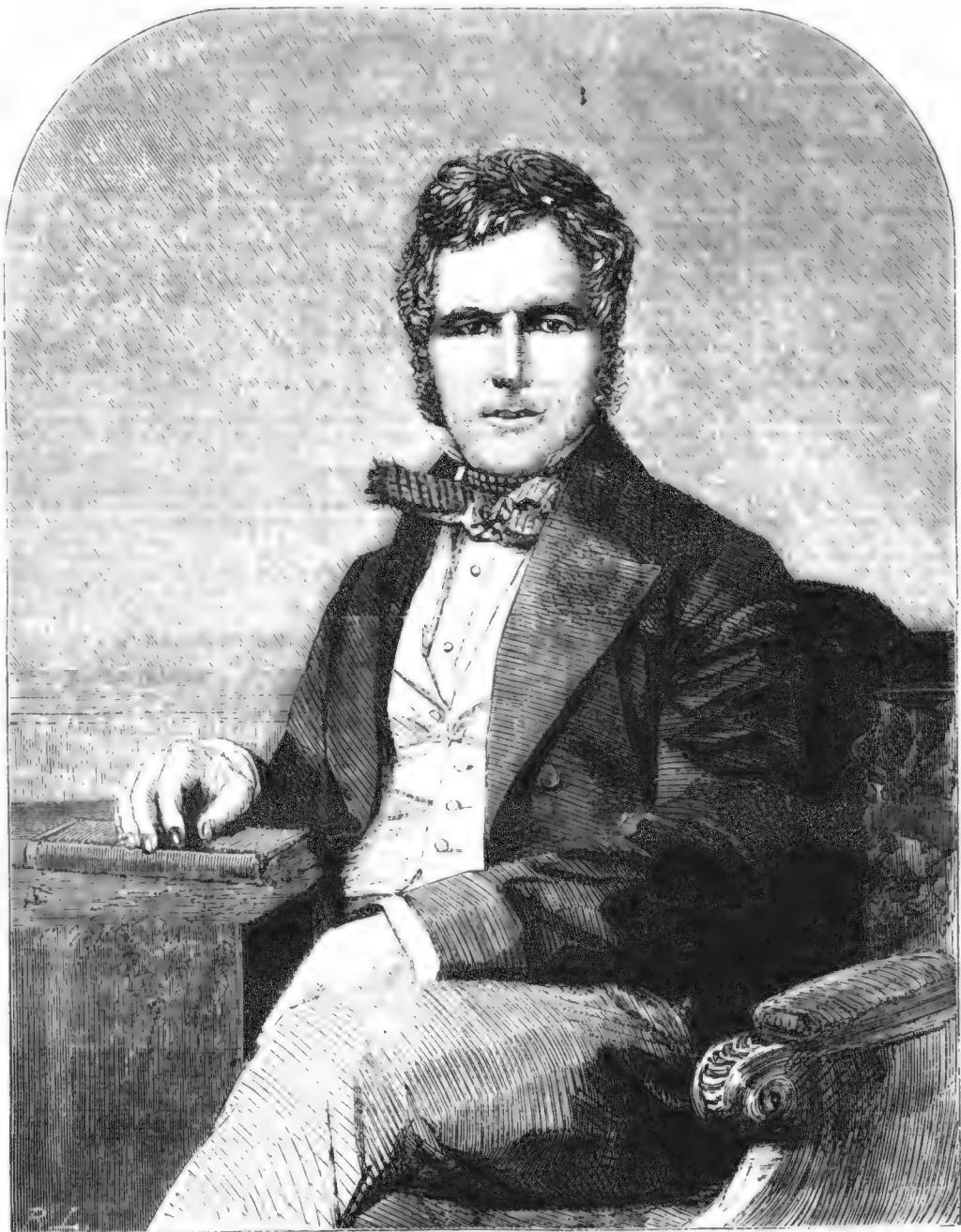
"As a small party of travellers sat on the deck of a nearly empty steamer, a ragged boy appeared, bearing one of those wooden boxes in which figs were sold. But the figs were gone, and in the box there were two brushes. With these he offered to brush human boots. It was no later than 8.30 a.m., and no one's boots needed brushing. So his aid was declined. But lingering with a disappointed face, he said, 'You might encourage trade.' The boy was just ten years old. This was not a joke; it was said with a solemn and anxious countenance. Somebody sought for some pence to give him. 'No,' he said, 'I don't like to take money for doing nothing.' Who could resist that? The one man of the company set his foot upon the old fig-box, and one foot was speedily made resplendent. 'Very well indeed,' were his words; 'thank you.' To which the little man earnestly said, as he rubbed away at the other foot, 'It's me that should thank you for giving me the job.' Then being interrogated what he got for cleaning a pair of boots, he said sometimes a penny, sometimes twopence. Of course he got a good deal more, and went and showed his coin with pride to a gentleman near, who had said a kind word to him.

Is it not quite plain that we are expected to admire what would be called the little boy's "independent spirit"? And is anything clearer than that the little boy received charity (with the addition of a wicked waste of blacking, brushes, and labour—unless the last may be considered healthful exercise) just as much as if he had taken the money without the supererogatory blacking? Or, at the best, did not the little boy do exactly what trade unionists are constantly condemned for trying to do? The boot-wearing public are the boot-cleaner's employers; and did not the little boy plainly hint that, although labour might be a drug in the market, capitalists should not regard that fact, but buy up superfluous labour without even a reduction of price? And will not "A. K. H. B." be, to some extent, responsible for the erroneous notions with which the little boy will most probably grow up? Persons who call a spade a spade will very likely call the whole business a piece of sentimental sham; and persons who speak of horticultural implements will consider the little boy a model of independence and "A. K. H. B." a model of benevolence. Of course there is a difference between boys and men, but can boys be taught too early what they will have to expect when they grow up, and when they will discover that there is no moral obligation upon capital to "encourage trade" in the sense of buying superfluous labour or of paying more than the ruling price? It might stop many a strike if boys could be made to understand that they may some day have to offer good labour to no purpose; that nobody will feel bound to "encourage trade;" and that if starvation or the workhouse come to them it will be all according to unyielding principles.

**AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.**—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty of our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1½d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farrington-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

**JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent)**, price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.—[ADVT.]

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]



J. LOCKE KING, ESQ., M.P.

## THE HON. J. LOCKE KING, M.P.

The Hon. Peter John Locke King, M.P. for East Surrey, is the youngest son of Peter, seventh Lord King—a nobleman well-known in the House of Lords for his deep aversion to the Bench of Bishops—and only brother of the eighth Lord, who married Ada, the poet Byron's only daughter, and who was elevated to the Earldom of Lovelace at Her Majesty's coronation. He was born at Ockham, Surrey, in 1811, and was educated at Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1833. He was an unsuccessful candidate for East Surrey, in 1837, for which constituency he was first chosen at the general election consequent on the accession of the Liberals to power in 1847. He is a sincere and earnest Liberal, and in favour of the ballot and of the abolition of the law of primogeniture. He married, in 1836, Louisa Elizabeth, daughter of the late William Henry Hoare, Esq., and has issue, two sons and four daughters.

## MOLIÈRE'S BIRTHDAY.

The anniversary of Molière's birthday, which occurred on the 15th ult., was celebrated at Paris according to custom by a banquet at the Trois Frères-Provençaux, and by a special performance at the Théâtre Français. "Le Misanthrope" and "Le Médecin malgré lui," played by picked members of the company, were the pieces selected to represent the poet at the theatre, when a short piece of circumstance, written by M. Edouard Fournier, was likewise produced. To this gentleman, who is well known to the French literary world, the great dramatist has more than once furnished a subject. Some years since, M. Edouard Fournier published a book of a biographical kind, entitled "Le Roman de Molière," containing many interesting facts, throwing light on a career which, though illustrious, is at some stages rather obscure. On the occasion of a Prince's anniversary, "La Fille de Molière," a drama from the same pen, was brought out at the Odéon. The piece written for the present year is entitled "La Valise de Molière." The poet is supposed, in the course of a provincial tour, to have lost in portmanteau, containing several literary fragments and the manuscript of "Tartuffe." This falls into the hands of Coomier, an ignorant adventurer, who, roughly guessing its value, gathers together a company for the performance of a piece based upon his treasure trove. Unfortunately for his enterprise, some of the persons to whom he applies are associates of Molière, who, as a practical jest, humour the impostor till he is, at last, obliged to restore the property to its rightful owner. Disgusted with his conduct, his two best performers, Beauval and la demoiselle Bourguignon, quit his service to join the troop of Molière. It is needless to state that a coronation of the bust of Molière by all the artists of the Français is among the traditional customs proper to the celebration of the birthday.

## MR. G. F. TRAIN.

MR. GEORGE TRAIN, as we all know, has been touching Fenianism, and his hands have become defiled in consequence. His first object, therefore, when the prison door closed upon him was naturally to cleanse his hands, so as to remove from them all traces of that offending substance which common people call by a short monosyllable, and which Lord Palmerston defined as matter in the wrong place. For this purpose he seems to have expected that the prison authorities would have provided him with a knife. British tyranny denied him his knife. "No knife to clear fingers," says he, pouring his heart out to his friend. Another report says "clean," but the action of the knife on the fingers must always be the same, whichever verb is used. The complaint is very wonderful. Are American prisons always furnished with knives to clean criminal fingers with? Do their fingers usually require cleaning by knives? In this country we find soap and water quite good enough for innocent and guilty alike—at least, since Lady Macbeth's misadventure. Supposing a man wants to clean his fingers with a knife, how does he set about it? Does he scrape the dirt off like bark, or does he whittle it off, or does he make rectangular incisions and then crinkle it off by working his joints? Have they public knives for finger cleaning in America, after the manner of the public toothbrushes and public jack-towels which are said to be provided for wayfarers in the wilder parts of that country? "Feel of my hands, young man, air they dirty or air they clean?" was once inquired of Martin Chuzzlewit on a memorable occasion. It is edifying, this vision of Mr. Train imploringly holding out his hands like Hannibal Chollop, and calling on the public to "feel of" his uncleaned fingers, all flaky with the Fenian dirt. It must be a moral and not a material knife that he wants, surely.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

## THE NEW CHURCH RATE BILL.

So far as we may judge from the views of their principal organ, the Dissenters are making up their minds to resist Mr. Gladstone's Church Rates Bill. This bill, which bears the names of Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, and Sir Roundell Palmer, was brought in and read a first time on some night during the late meeting of Parliament, when nobody cared for anything except the Abyssinian calls for money, and the hardships of the unfortunate costermongers. It is now printed, and contains the following provisions, which are quite worth meditating upon as showing, not indeed the position of the church-rate question in the minds of people in general, but in Mr. Gladstone's own mind, inasmuch as his two supporters, who with him endorse the bill, would doubtless follow wherever he may lead. From this bill it is quite evident that Mr. Gladstone is not yet educated up to the standard of the thorough Liberals in the matter of church rates; and if he is not quick in learning the lessons which his followers are teaching him, Mr. Disraeli will be beforehand with him in educating his own followers up to the Radical mark. He now proposes to abolish compulsory church rates by enacting that no suit shall be instituted to enforce their payment in any court whatsoever. To this rule three exceptions are to be made—1, where money has been borrowed on the security of church rates; 2, where money, in the name of church rates, is ordered to be raised under the provision of any special Act of Parliament; and 3, where the rate has been made before the passing of this present bill. The Act then goes on to make the assessment of a voluntary church rate lawful, those who make it personally agreeing to pay towards it. And then comes the provision which the extreme opponents of the old system will resist to the last. Each of the parishioners who thus personally agree to pay their quota is to be held legally responsible for its payment, and can be sued for the amount "in any court of law or equity." Whether this proviso is just and practically desirable is a matter on which much may be said on both sides. At any rate, thorough-paced Nonconformity sees herein a recognition of the principle which it detests; and it may pretty safely be foretold that with a democratic Parliament at hand neither the friends nor foes of church rates will care very much for the settlement of the question upon such a basis as this during the coming session.

## GENTEEL POVERTY.

THE woes and annoyances which harass "genteel poverty" having been a favourite subject with the makers of novels and essays, but from an advertisement in a well-known paper a day or two ago it seems that "gentility" is by no means without its troubles, even when there is no poverty in the case. "A gentleman," we learn, "of good family, is desirous of obtaining an introduction to society, in the west of London (preferred), for which he offers very liberal terms. Address, &c., &c." On this even the least curious-minded cannot help asking a few questions. What amount is the "gentleman" prepared to offer to the benefactor whose aid he seeks? What is the meaning of a "good family" according to his views? What sort of "society" will he be satisfied with, if only it is in "the west of London"? How is it that he himself being of "good family," and able to offer "liberal terms" is yet so shut out from the pale of "society" as to be compelled to advertise for a *chaperon*? Altogether, the affair is mysterious; but nevertheless we should like to see the answers which the advertisement will call forth, and in their absence console ourselves with reflecting how various are the sorrows of the rich as well as those of the poor.



## OBSERVATIONS ON FRIENDLY SOCIETIES FOR PAYMENTS AT DEATH.

THE first legal provisions for the encouragement and relief of friendly societies will be found in the 33 Geo. III. c. 54., passed on the 21st June, 1793, which states, that whereas the protection and encouragement of friendly societies in this kingdom, for raising, by voluntary subscriptions of the members thereof, separate funds, for the mutual relief and maintenance of the said members in sickness, old age, and infirmity, is likely to be attended with very beneficial effects, by promoting the happiness of individuals, and at the same time diminishing the public burthens, and enacts that any number of persons may form themselves into a society, and raise among themselves by subscriptions of the several members of every such society, or by voluntary contributions, a stock or fund for the mutual relief and maintenance of the members thereof in old age, sickness, and infirmity, or for the relief of the widows and children of deceased members, and for the several members or such of them as shall be nominated a committee for that purpose, to assemble together and to make such proper and wholesome rules as shall seem meet. In cases of dispute, reference was to be made either to justices or to arbitration.

When this Act was passed, the Legislature evidently had in view that sort of club or society which exists at the present day, and is known under the general term of "Friendly Society." This society is local in its operations; the members (as a rule) know each other, and personally assist in its management; none of the officers are paid, except a trifling acknowledgment to the secretary for his services. No agents or collectors are employed. The affair is mutual, and not speculative. The whole is circumscribed by the limits of the town or parish where it is established. Such is the normal friendly society, and 99 out of 100 friendly societies are of this class.

Not quite twenty years ago burial societies, as now carried on, were established, not by parties being members of such societies,

old to eighty years of age, and the premiums commence as low as one halfpenny per week.

The Registrar would suggest that noblemen and gentlemen should not allow their names to appear as patrons, presidents, or trustees of Friendly Societies without first ascertaining that they are established on sound principles; that economy is practised with regard to the expenses of management; and that the working classes will be perfectly safe in joining such societies, which they are induced to do, by the patronage under which they are stated to be carried on.

The benefits for which the working classes should insure are medical attendance, payment in sickness, until 60 or 65; an annuity, or old age pay, after 60 or 65; and a payment at death. The two last, viz., the old age pay and payment at death, may be secured with the guarantee of the Government, by insurances at the Post Office. With respect to medical attendance and sick pay, these benefits may be secured at local Friendly Societies legally established for those purposes.

It appears necessary for the protection of the working class, that disputes should be decided either by justices or the county court.

From the numerous and almost daily complaints made to the Registrar by parties who cannot obtain payment of their claims from Burial Societies, he has thought it to be his duty, for the benefit of the working classes, to publish the foregoing statements, with the hope that the Public Press, Clergymen, and others will endeavour to prevent the working classes from joining Burial Societies established under the Friendly Societies Act, without first ascertaining that they are joining solvent institutions; as, in his opinion, it would be far preferable that the working classes should invest their contributions in a Savings Bank than to insure their lives in Burial Societies, unless they are solvent and honestly managed. It should be distinctly understood that though the Registrar has certified the rules, which he is bound to do if they are not ill gal, his certificate, or that of an actuary, to the sufficiency of the contributions, does not in any way vouch for the

## A DISGRACED MILITARY MANDARIN BROUGHT BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF A PROVINCE.

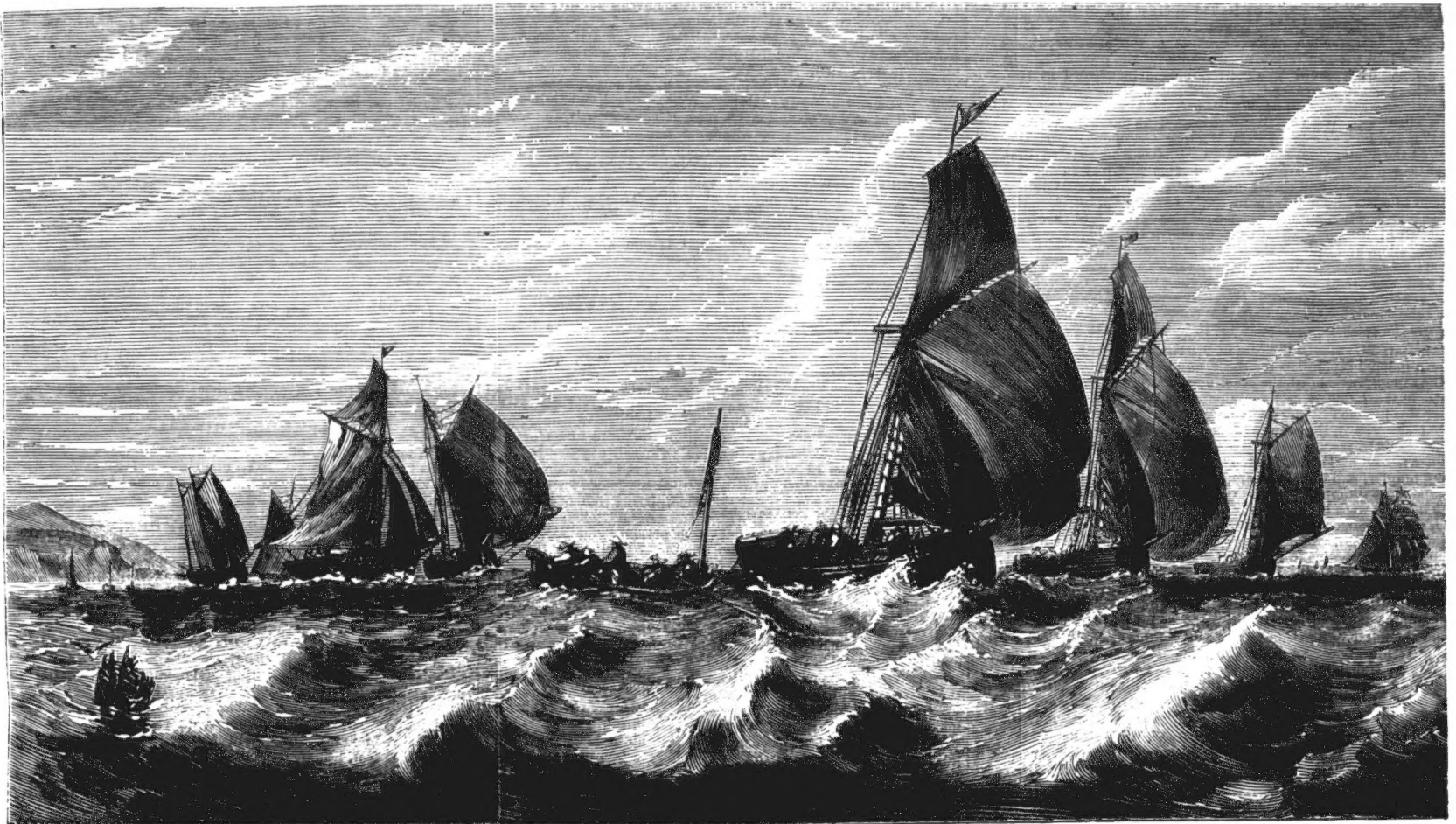
WHEN a Chinese military mandarin loses a battle (and there have been several of late), he finds it a much more serious affair than the European officer is troubled with in a similar case. No sooner is it known that the mandarin is defeated, than he is seized, imprisoned, and, no matter what extenuating circumstances may be urged in his favour, almost certainly condemned. The punishment varies with the importance of the battle he may have lost. Perhaps he will be skinned alive; on the contrary, he may escape with some hundred strokes with a bamboo. The punishment of the *cangue* (a moveable pillory) may be his lot, the disgrace of which has driven many a haughty mandarin insane; or he may be banished to a remote part of the empire, being compelled to trudge on foot to the place of exile. Another fate, which an European would hail with satisfaction compared with some of these, the delinquent most of all dreads—decapitation. The Chinaman has a peculiar dread of losing any part of his corporeal being.

The disgrace and the punishment, however, are not confined to the defeated leader. The unlucky member of the military tribunal at Pekin who may have recommended him to the post is implicated in the offence of his *protege*. He therefore is sometimes bastinadoed, or banished, or, in extreme cases, even beheaded.

The large engraving on page 88 will show that the unfortunate mandarin here has had some similar sentence passed upon him.

## ELECTION OF CORONERS.

THE present mode of electing coroners by the open voting of the county freeholders is surely not the best that could be devised for the choice of an officer whose duties require a combination of medical and legal knowledge. The contest, now in its earlier stages, for the coronership of West Middlesex illustrates some of the disadvantages of the system. The office is of the net value of



OYSTER DREDGING OFF THE COAST.

but as insurance offices, by persons receiving large salaries as treasurers, secretaries, directors, and committeemen, having agents and collectors, also well paid, in all the principal towns and parishes in Great Britain.

Several of these burial societies have obtained through their agents and collectors a very large number of insurances.

The parties insured in these societies have generally no form of policy given to them, but merely a card, on which is entered their weekly payments; and in case of dispute the claimants are usually compelled under the rules to refer the same to arbitration, which arbitration is generally held at the place where the society is established; so that if the deceased resided in London, and the society was established in Birmingham, the claimant must go to Birmingham to lay his or her claim before the arbitrators.

Under the 18 and 19 Vict. c. 63, a friendly society may be established by voluntary subscriptions of the members for insuring a sum of money to be paid on the birth of a member's child, or on the death of a member, or for the funeral expenses of the wife or child of a member.

No insurance can be legally effected on the life of a party, unless he or she has been admitted a member according to the rules; and the mere payments of the contributions by a stranger will not constitute the assured a member. Every person, on joining a society, should obtain a copy of the rules, and sign such declaration and pass such examination as is required. He should also have a policy before he pays his premiums, and not be content with a card. If he is not admitted a member according to the rules, the society may refuse payment on his death.

No policy given by a friendly society can be legally transferred or assigned; but if the amount insured does not exceed £50, the same is to be paid to the person directed by the rules, or nominated by the deceased in writing deposited with the secretary (such person being the husband, wife, father, mother, child, brother or sister, nephew or niece of the deceased); and in case there shall be no such direction or nomination, or the person so nominated shall have died before the deceased, or in case the member shall have revoked such nomination, then such sum is to be paid to the person who shall appear to the trustees to be entitled under the Statute of Distributions to receive the same, without taking out letters of administration.—18 and 19 Vict. c. 53. s. 31.

In burial societies insurances are granted on lives from one day

solvency of the society, or the respectability of the trustees, treasurer, or officers, or that the money will be paid on the death of the party insured.

JOHN TIDD PRATT,  
Registrar of Friendly Societies in England.

## OYSTER DREDGING OFF THE COAST.

OUR illustration of this subject is taken from a spirited picture by Mr. E. F. D. Pritchard. A few years ago it was a sight to see a fleet of oyster smacks coming up the Thames, but these are few and far between now. The boats now land at the nearest point to the fishing grounds, and the oysters are forthwith despatched by rail to London and elsewhere. One would think with this latter advantage oysters would be cheaper. Not so, however. They are dearer than ever they were; though for what reason we must refer our readers to the reports of Mr. Frank Buckland in *Land and Water*.

## THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE AT MANCHESTER.

THE site of this synagogue is the east side of the great omnibus thoroughfare from Manchester to Cheetham Hill, and the principal entrance, at the west end of the buildings, is about five yards back from the causeway. This is approached by a flight of steps, at the top of which is a loggia 24 feet wide by 12 feet deep. At the north and south are two entrance doors leading to the staircases which ascend to the galleries, and two other entrances leading into lobbies, and thence into the Worship Hall, or laterally into ante-rooms. These lobbies lead to the Worship Hall, which is 56 feet 6 inches wide from north to south, and 72 feet long from east to west, besides a recess 6 feet deep at the west end. The hall is furnished with seats to accommodate 372 gentlemen, 90 boys or pupils, and 60 as free sittings. The foundation stone of this building was laid in February, 1857.

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

about £350 a year. It is only to be won by the aid of an organization resembling that necessary for a parliamentary election, and by the aid of parliamentary agents. The western division of the county must be thoroughly canvassed, and all the tactics of a parliamentary contest called into play. This involves an outlay, estimated, we understand, impartially on both sides at near £1,500. It happens that on this occasion there is a candidate of the legal profession and one of the medical profession, both possessing the requisite personal character, influence, and means to carry on the contest, and in the end a capital of £3,000 will have been expended to win a judicial office of which the life tenure does not equal the rent of the sum capitalised. We shall have no assurance of the special fitness of the conqueror; and it is stated that a very eminent candidate, who would have been likely under other circumstances to conciliate the majority of electors, has declined to be nominated, from his inability to meet the expense.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.—St. Valentine's Day is approaching, and both old and young will soon turn their attention to the pictorial elegancies which mark the red-letter day of the God of Love. Amongst those who deserve especial commendation for the inventive power they display in the manufacture of valentines, we may mention Mr. Eugene Rimmel, of Regent-street, the City, and the Strand, who this year excels all his former efforts. Valentines of every colour, full of elegance and artistic grace, deliciously perfumed, are called into existence by the wand of this potent magician. Whether we gaze admiringly upon the high-priced valentines, or those whose cheapness places them within the reach of every one, we are impressed with the taste which has presided at their manufacture. As in these days every one sends valentines, every one should write to or call upon Mr. Rimmel, and lay in a stock of his indispensable elegancies, remembering that, especially to the fair sex, a thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

THE SKIN OF THE ELAND AS LEATHER.—S. W. NORMAN has returned from the Paris Exhibition with the Russia Leather bought by him, and finds he has many specimens of the Eland as Boot Fronts. Some choice samples adapted for boots from Poland, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Circassia, and many novelties worthy an early inspection.—114 and 116, Westminster Bridge-road.—[ADVT.]



## LAW AND POLICE.

**THE QUEEN V. BULLOCK.—CURIOUS CASE.**—The prisoner was tried at the Gloucester Quarter Sessions, for maliciously and feloniously wounding a gelding, the property of James Ricketts. The prisoner was sent by his master with a horse and cart to fetch stone from a distant field, and when he returned the horse's tongue was protruding seven or eight inches, and he was unable to draw it back into his mouth. The veterinary surgeon who examined the horse the following day, proved that he found the root and lower part of the tongue much lacerated, and the mouth torn and clogged with clotted blood; the injury, he thought, might have been done by a violent pull of the tongue on one side. Five inches of the tongue had to be amputated, and the horse was likely to recover. The prisoner's statement was that the horse bit at him, and he did it in a passion. There was no evidence to show that any instrument beyond the hands had been used. The prisoner's counsel contended that no instrument having been proved to be used in inflicting the injury the prisoner could not be convicted. For the prosecution it was urged that under the statute it was not necessary to show that the injury had been caused by any instrument other than the hand or hands of the prisoner. The prisoner being found guilty, the chairman respite the judgment, and reserved the point for the consideration of the Judges, viz., whether the prisoner was properly convicted of the wounding, there being no evidence to show that he had used any instrument other than his hand or hands.—Mr. Sawyer appeared in support of the conviction. No learned counsel was instructed for the prisoner.—The Court affirmed the conviction.

**CHURCHILL V. CHURCHILL AND ABBOTT.**—This was originally a suit by the husband for a divorce, on the ground of his wife's adultery with the co-respondent. The case was tried some considerable time ago, when a decree nisi was pronounced with costs against the co-respondent, and which decree has been made absolute. A week ago application was made to the Court for an order that an attachment might be issued against the co-respondent for payment of the costs.—Mr. Bayford now applied, on behalf of the co-respondent, for an order to set aside the attachment, on the ground that the gentleman upon whom all the proceedings in the cause had been served was not the person mentioned in the proceedings as the co-respondent in the cause. The co-respondent in the cause was stated to be William Abbott, whereas the name of his client was William Brane Abbot (the name spelt with one "b"), and he was a proctor in Doctors' Commons.—Mr. Day opposed the application, and read an affidavit which stated that the gentleman for whom Mr. Bayford appeared had recognized the proceedings, and had stated to the person who served the citation upon him that he had been in daily expectation of it. He had also stated, when applied to for payment of the costs, that he would consult his attorney about them.—The learned judge refused the application, and ordered the writ of attachment to stand. The days were now gone by when a trumpety error in the name of a person in a writ was calculated to set aside the proceedings, and he hoped they would never return. He must therefore refuse the application to set aside the writ, and find the co-respondent liable in the expense the petitioner had been put to by means of this application.

**A BAD WIFE.**—In the case of Stirrup v. Stirrup, the wife sued for a judicial separation on the ground of her husband's cruelty. The respondent denied the cruelty, and alleged that the petitioner was in the habit of getting intoxicated, and that what he did to her was justified by her bad conduct.—Charlotte Boardman stated that she was in the service of the parties in August, 1866. She had seen the respondent beat his wife cruelly on several occasions. On the 26th of December, 1866, he beat her until she screamed out murder, and on witness going to her assistance she saw the respondent thumping her with his fists on the ribs and face. Some of her ribs were broken and doubled up. The doctor was called in, and attended her a week or a fortnight. The petitioner was not intoxicated.—Mr. Charles Drewry stated that he was a surgeon in practice in Liverpool. He had known the petitioner for 30 years. He never knew that she was given to drink, and he never saw her intoxicated. He attended her in December, 1866. She was breathing with great pain, and on his examining her he found two of her ribs fractured. She had also bruises on her chest and shoulders. The bruises were all recent, and must have been the result of considerable violence.—In cross-examination, the Witness stated that the fracture of the ribs might have been caused by a fall on the side of the bed. There was little or no discoloration under the skin.—This being the case for the petitioner, Dr. Spinks then opened the case for the respondent, and placed that gentleman in the witness-box, when he gave a general denial to the petitioner's statement. The petitioner was much given to drink. He went on to state that he was himself a temperate man. He was a footstall, and had not tasted drink for thirty years. The petitioner's intemperate habits had much to do with their quarrels. He, however, denied ever having turned the petitioner out of the house. When she did go she went of her own accord, and he had nothing to do with it. He denied altogether the statement of the petitioner as to what took place on the 26th of December, 1866, and stated that she was the aggressor. She brought accusations against his deceased wife, and on his remonstrating with her about them she flew at him and scratched his face and tore the shirt off his back. He denied having pounded her as the witnesses stated. He did not fracture her ribs, and he never believed they were fractured. He denied having done so, and stated that he had to call in the neighbours to protect him from her violence.—Mrs. Ann Inglesby was then called, and said that she resided close to the respondent. She visited his house during the lifetime of his first wife as a charwoman.—She did so during the time of his second wife. On the 26th of December the respondent came and knocked at her door, and told her that the petitioner was calling his first wife bad names. Witness went to the house and heard her doing so. The petitioner was intoxicated. She wanted to get at the respondent, and witness went between them. The respondent's face was scratched, and his shirt torn. She never saw the respondent strike his wife, but she had heard her say that he was stubborn in his way.—Mrs. Ann Jennings said she was a near neighbour of the respondent. On the 26th of December, 1866, the respondent came for her to go to his house. When he did so his shirt was torn off his back, and his face was scratched. He said the petitioner had been abusing his first wife, and that she rushed at him and attempted to strike him. The respondent held up his hands and prevented her doing so. He then went into the back parlour, and the petitioner followed him and called him bad names. She was then much in drink and in a great passion. She never saw the respondent behave unkindly to his wife.—E. Dodd said he was a carter in the employment of the respondent. He was in that gentleman's house on the evening of the 26th of December, 1866. On going into the kitchen he saw the petitioner dragging him by the shirt-front. The shirt was all torn, and his face was bleeding. She was calling him bad names; the petitioner was drunk at the time.—Mr. Norman Lloyd: How do you know she was drunk?—Witness: She was either drunk or mad. He did not interfere at all, but left at once.—Mary Ann Stirrup said she was the wife of the son of the respondent. Some time after her marriage she went to live with the respondent. He was very kind to his wife. She once saw whisky fetched into the house, and she soon after heard petitioner talking very loud. Witness told her father-in-law when he came home, and he discharged the servant who brought the drink. She saw her drunk in the stable-yard the Saturday before Christmas, 1866.—This being the respondent's case, the learned judge said the petition must be dismissed.

**OBTAINING MONEY BY FALSE PRETENCES.**—Albert Field, 12, Peter-street, Mile-end-road, advertisement canvasser, was charged with obtaining money by false pretences.—Mr. John Carter said he was publisher of a paper called *Religious Opinion*, published at 83, Fleet-street. The prisoner was an advertisement collector, and came to them in that capacity in the regular way. He was to be paid 20 per cent. on the orders he obtained. On the 7th of December he brought an order for the insertion of an advertisement, for 13 insertions at 8s., and on the 9th he brought in a bill for the commission, amounting to £10s. 7½d. The order purported to be signed by Walter Douglas. He went up to Mr. Douglas and found that the order was a false one, and he had not seen the prisoner until Friday evening when he met him in Whitechapel. He addressed him as Mr. Field, and the moment he did so the prisoner ran away. He pursued him, and ultimately caught him. Mr. Douglas was not present.—Mr. Martin (chief clerk) said that they could not get on without him, and the case was therefore adjourned.—Mr. Carter said he had several other charges where he had actually received the commission. On the 6th of November the prisoner brought in an order purporting to be signed by "Kleemann and Co." for an advertisement to be inserted for six months at 5s. per insertion. On the 9th of November he brought in a bill for commission, amounting to £16s., which he (Mr. Carter) paid, believing it to be a genuine order.—Mr. Ernest Kleemann said he was a tailor carrying on business at No. 8, Leicester-place, Leicester-square. The prisoner called on him two or three times about three months ago and asked him for an order for his advertisement for *Religious Opinion*. He declined to give it, but said that if he called in about a month he might give him one. The order produced was not in his handwriting, nor did he give the prisoner any order.—The prisoner was remanded.

**THE RIVAL BARBERS.**—Nelson Towell, a hairdresser, living at No. 13, Parson's-street, Kingsland-road, was placed at the bar, on remand, before Alderman Lusk, M.P., charged with having committed a violent assault on John Carson, another hairdresser, at 207, Upper Whitecross-street.—Mr. Carson said that he had the privilege of going daily into Whitecross-street Prison, to attend on the prisoners, but the defendant having nothing to do he allowed him to go in and take the work. He had had it about two years, but latterly got very negligent, and did not go to the prison for days together. He (complainant) was consequently obliged to go himself. On Thursday morning when he came out of the prison, the prisoner came up to him, and using bad language, said, "You are a pretty fellow." Witness said, "What for?" and without any explanation he said, "Take that," and struck him a blow in the right eye, which cut his eyelid and blackened his eye.—In reply to questions put by the prisoner, prosecutor said he did not make a dart at him while he was crossing the road, but admitted that the prisoner said, "Carson, you are a shabby fellow to go and undermine me."—Thomas Wright, 23, New College-row, Tooley-street, said he saw the prisoner strike the complainant, and while he was looking for a policeman to give him into custody the prisoner said, "If you are a man put up your hands and hit me back again."—The prisoner was so tipsy that Alderman Lusk remanded him till he was sober. He now said, in defence, that Carson made the first blow at him, and that he only struck in self-defence.—This was denied by both the witnesses.—Mr. Alderman Lusk fined the prisoner 40s., or, in default, 14 days' imprisonment with hard labour.

**EJECTING A BROKER'S MAN.**—An elderly man, giving the name of John Ward, resident in King-street, Whitechapel, was charged with assaulting James Curtis, a broker's assistant, and unlawfully ejecting him from certain premises wherein he legally was placed. Prisoner was further charged with assaulting Police-constable 133 N.—From the statement of the prosecutor Curtis it would appear that on Friday afternoon, in consequence of instructions received from his employer, he proceeded to the rooms occupied by the prisoner, there to distrain upon his goods for a debt of £12. He, arriving some time before the prisoner returned from his work, waited for the prisoner's appearance, and when upon his entering he asked him for the debt due prisoner replied, "What do you want?" "£12," was the answer. "I'll give it you," said the prisoner, and thereupon laid hands upon the prosecutor to eject him. He was kicked and struck on the face and head, his hand being bitten, and moreover was forcibly ejected (prosecutor's face bore the appearance of having been rather severely handled, long scratches from temple to chin, &c., being most conspicuous). He went to fetch a policeman, after being thrust out, and the evidence of constable 133 N. proved the actual commission of the violence against the prisoner, who, upon the constable telling him the charge—viz., unlawfully ejecting the man Curtis, and proceeding to take him into custody, struck him a violent blow in the eye, took a running kick at him, and met him full in the groin, and when actually seized got the constable's thumb in his mouth, and inflicted serious injury thereon by a bite. He was very violent all the way to the station.—The prisoner now asked the witness Curtis: Did you show me your warrant?—Witness: No, you did not give me time.—The magistrate thereon remarked that the prosecutor not having produced his warrant, prisoner was not bound to know that he (prosecutor) was legally there, therefore he would not convict him, but for the assault on the constable he must pay a fine of 40s., or be imprisoned for one month.

**EXTENSIVE EMBEZZLEMENT BY A CASHIER.**—George Collas was charged with embezzling the sum of 922. 16s. 7d., and other sums, the moneys of his master, Mr. George Bowles.—Mr. Bowles stated that he was a provision merchant carrying on business at 13, West Smithfield. The prisoner had been clerk and cashier in his employ for five or six years, and absconded on the 26th of December last. He produced the bank book and cash book, both of which were in the prisoner's handwriting. In the bank book, under date the 21st of December, 1867, was an entry of 922. 16s. 7d., as the amount he had received during the day and paid into the bank, as it was his duty to do.—Mr. James Henry Dixon principal ledger clerk at the Union Bank of London, said Mr. Bowles kept a banking account with them. On the 21st of December they received a payment of 3302. 15s. 10d. but no sum of 922. 16s. 7d.—Mr. Bowles said the 3302. 15s. 10d. had no reference to the 922. 16s. 7d., which should have been paid in addition to that amount.—William Smith, detective officer, said he went to 13, North-street, Limehouse, and apprehended the prisoner for stealing 922. belonging to his master, and the prisoner said, "My God my God!" On the road to the station he asked him how he could account for it, and he said he could not account for it, but that if Mr. Bowles would give him a chance, he would make it up to him.—At the station he searched him, and found on him three 5l. notes, a sovereign, and 11s. 7d.—The prisoner was then committed for trial.

**"TALMUD" IN THE "QUARTERLY."**—The interest aroused by the *Quarterly* article "Talmud," now in the seventh edition, seems to spread beyond the domain of English literature. A Danish translation is in our hands, and we further learn that an Icelandic one is in preparation, in addition to those already mentioned. The American papers are, of course, full of the subject, quoting largely, some almost reprinting the essay bodily. At home, criticisms, or rather expositions, continue to appear. We cannot better express our sense of the writer's duty to the public than by quoting from one of these articles—that in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*:—"The world has now a right to expect from the author a fuller description of the wondrous realms he has journeyed through in order to produce this essay."

No appointment has been made to the bishopric of Mauritius. According to the *John Bull*, the Dean of Capetown was at one time thought of, but his wife's health would prevent her living there.

## THE GARDEN.

## FORCING HOUSES.

Those vineries which have fruit swelling should now receive an advance of temperature, up to, say 74 deg. or 76 deg., according to what it was previously. Too sudden or violent fluctuations must at all times be discontinued. In fine sunny weather give air pretty freely, and cause a nice moisture to pervade the atmosphere: the temperature may then be permitted to rise up to a mean of 86 deg. for an hour or two, or even a little more, should the sun's intensity prove of moderately long duration. It will always be safe to bear in mind to admit of the upward extreme upon those days when it may be inferred the sun will continue to shine the longest. This will tend much to properly strengthen and support the foliage in its hard-taxed efforts to elaborate the necessary juices, up-flowing from the roots, for the support of the fruit. If dull weather intervene, it will be far better to proceed with all vines at an early stage of advancement than the above, very gently. In fact, this should be a general axiom, viz.—if the weather proves dull to let all forcing operations be carried on very slowly; and in a corresponding manner must all superabundant moisture be withheld, whether actual or atmospheric. Again, if a maximum heat is really necessary, and it sometimes is by all who have to produce certain things by a given time, I would always suggest its greater use by day than by night. The best growth possible, formed by a maximum night heat, without the co-agency of light in sufficiency, must be a weakly tissue only, in comparison with the more fibry growth formed by day, and through the agency of a high range of temperature, with the concomitant aid to which I have referred. With such facts as these before us, then, I may sum up the routine of forcing operations generally thus, viz.: In dull weather endeavour to attain as near as possible a mean temperature of from 60 deg. to 65 deg., with air in moderation; but should the sun shine forth, it may be permitted an upward range to 70 deg., and even 85 deg., should sunshine prove of sufficiently lengthy duration. Those pines which are showing should now receive occasional surface sprinklings. Any not yet showing, but which are anticipated, will need keeping longer in a dry warm atmosphere. As I have frequently stated, cease syringing—or indeed moistening the surfaces of the plants in any way at the time they are flowering, or when they are at all approaching that stage. Attend to the linings, and see that nothing suffers through deficiency of bottom-heat, &c.

## HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Auriculas, consisting of the general stock, should now receive a neat surface dressing with the driest of the soil already placed aside for them. Remove with the utmost care, in order that no injury may be done to even the most minute root fibrils, all old surface soil possible from off the balls, replacing it with some of the fresh material, which should be well pressed down with the hand so as to make all firm, that no loose crumbs of soil may lay rolling about upon the surface. Where polyanthus, to flower in pots, are wanted in bloom late, it will be necessary now to prick off all bloom stalks as soon as they are pruned; they will again furnish others. If the weather keeps open it will be well to attend to all beds of pansies. Do not allow any to become long and straggling, and therefore likely to receive injury from wind-waving. Mow the soil around them during a moderately dry interval, pressing all down firmly which need such assistance.

## SHRUBBERIES, &amp;c.

Push forward all pruning operations needed in this department with as little delay as possible, upon every favourable occasion. Such work may be done now, if delayed much longer it may be difficult to find time.

## HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Raspberries should now be pruned and tied to their necessary supports. There are many forms of support used. Some prefer planting each stool some four or five feet apart, training the canes produced to single stakes, four or five to a stake, &c. Others, again, prefer planting in rows, five feet apart, and a foot between each stool, bending each cane across, in the form of a half circle. What, however, appears to be the neatest mode is that of tying the canes, each four inches apart, along a strained wire fencing; this is at once the most enduring and neatest of all ways. Besides, planted thus in rows, four feet apart, the space afforded to them is greatly economised compared with what it is when they are scattered more singly across a quarter. When tied firmly they need reducing somewhat in length. I prefer cutting them down to five feet, unless the canes are very thin indeed. Some sorts, such as Belle de Fontenay, might in some instances be left higher. Simply remove the decayed autumnal fruiting part only. If left too long, as a rule the upper buds alone break, whilst the lower ones at the base become abortive. Proper support must be afforded them, planted in rows, as above, by the aid of stakes and lengthy rods of wood only. It is not well to dig near the stools at all. Should it be necessary to break the soil up a little, however, which it will be if the surface has become very hard, do so with a fork neatly, and so that the surface roots receive no great injury thereby.

## KITCHEN GARDEN.

Those who have not yet sown their first crops of peas and broad-beans, should not put off doing so longer, if they desire to be "in picking" with their neighbours. Do not trample upon the soil now, however, that is absolutely necessary during the operation.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

## IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

England is perpetually reproached with the peculiarities of our code of Irish political offences. The simple truth is that the political condition of that country is so totally different from that of the other portions of the United Kingdom, that if we would do our duty by the people whom we have undertaken to govern we must use the necessary instruments. The forgetfulness of this truth has been continually obstructing the progress of Government. Measures which we have, happily, been able to abandon here since the time of the Pretender, are absolutely necessary to the preservation of the Irish people from the horrors of civil war. But, if they are suggested, we immediately object that they would not do for us. The suppression of the Fenian processions was an instance of this kind. The Reform processions had been tolerated, and people could not be got to see in an instant the difference between the circumstances affecting the two cases. So it was some time before English public opinion could make up its mind to support the Executive in dealing with these processions. Now, however, our attention is so closely fixed on our Irish affairs that we are not likely to fall into such a mistake, and the action of the Government will hardly fail to meet with universal support. What has been begun with the *Irishman* must be extended to other journals of the same class should they continue this inflammatory style of writing. By resolute action of this kind we shall do the Irish disaffected classes the best service in our power just at this moment. We shall convince them that we mean really to maintain authority in that country at all risks, and to have recourse to any measures that may be necessary for that object. When we have firmly implanted this truth in their minds we shall be in a better position to make exertions for the advancement of the country.—*Standard.*



## SERIOUS CASE OF CRUELTY TO A SERVANT GIRL.

On Saturday, Mr. Warner Sleight applied to Mr. Cooke, at the Clerkenwell Police-court, for a warrant to apprehend Mrs. Radcliffe, the wife of a respectable tradesman, carrying on business at No. 255, Gray's-inn-road, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—

Mr. Sleight said: It is my very painful duty, sir, to apply to you for a warrant in a case of such excessive cruelty as I should have thought could never have occurred. Under the circumstances I will merely state a few facts and call sufficient evidence to justify you in granting a warrant for the apprehension of a person named Radcliffe, who has been for the space of seventeen months the mistress of the little girl, Susan Russell, who is now before you, and who has received such excessive cruelty at her mistress's hands as to endanger her life. In fact, sir, my application to you has been delayed for some days, as I could not bring the little girl from the Royal Free Hospital, as her life would have been endangered, the injuries having been so great which she had received at the hands of the woman I now appear to complain of. During the whole time that the little girl was in her service her mother was only once allowed to see her, and her brother and sisters about three or four times, but never alone, and therefore she could never tell her relations of the cruel treatment she received at the hands of her mistress, and her mother only became aware of the fact when the poor girl was away from her place, and presented herself to her mother in such a state that it was found necessary to have her at once removed to the hospital, she being one mass of bruises and scalds and in a sinking state. She has been there some time and is still a patient. I will call the child's mother, the doctor, and the child herself; and after you have heard those statements I have no doubt but that you will grant my application.

Sarah Ann Russell said: I am the wife of Edward Russell. Last August twelve months my daughter Susan went into Mrs. Radcliffe's service. On Sunday, 12th of January, the child came to my home. I examined her arms and hands, which were very much swollen and cut. Her neck was scalded, and there were blisters on her back. There were bruises on her face, and her eyes were black. Her head was cut and matted with blood. Her legs and thighs were much bruised, and there was a large wound on her groin, as if from a kick.

Susan Russell, the prosecutrix, said: The injuries were caused by a broom handle, with which my mistress struck me. She struck me with a broomstick on Saturday night, and also on Friday. On the 10th of January she threw some boiling water over me, and my eyes were injured by her beating me with her fist (she alluded to her eyes being blackened). My head was injured by an iron washing-bowl. The lump on my groin was caused by my mistress giving me a kick.

Mr. Lloyd Owen, one of the house surgeons of the Royal Free Hospital, said the child was received into the hospital on Sunday, the 12th of January. She was then in a very weak state. The injuries were certainly dangerous to life from the number of the wounds; in fact, they were very serious for the first three or four days, and there were many wounds, which had not been described, about the legs and arms, which were very serious.

A warrant for maliciously wounding, with intent to do grievous bodily harm, was then granted.

## THE FENIANS.

ALLEN appears to be a name which, in the history of the strange plots and terrible crimes of 1867-8, will take a high place with those of a more decidedly Irish type, another person bearing it having been brought up at Cork for Fenianism. He is stated to be cousin of the Allen who was hung at Manchester for the murder of Brett. Allen, the man now in custody on the charge of being implicated in the Clerkenwell murders, is said to belong to another family altogether. The Cork telegram also mentions that another martello tower attack has been made, but that the assailants were fired upon and fled.

On Tuesday eight of the prisoners charged with wilful murder and treason-felony, in respect to the Clerkenwell explosion, were brought up at Bow-street for further examination. A great surprise was in store for the prisoners and the public, for the ninth prisoner, Patrick Mullany, was called by the counsel for the prosecution (Mr. Giffard), and examined as a witness for the Crown. If his evidence be credited Barrett was the man who fired the fuse, and many of the details given by the witness fill up the gaps of the previous testimony, and make the story a connected whole. The prisoners were again remanded.

## TURKEY.

The Turkish Government is now no longer actively oppressive. It is not a tyranny; its faults are rather spotty, carelessness, want of foresight and vigour. It is disreputable rather for the want of good than for the presence of evil. The vices of the official world are petty; they consist in intrigue and the hankering after illicit gain; but no man now ventures on murder or wholesale extortion. The people still suffer a great deal, but it is chiefly from a political malady which affects far more advanced communities. Too much is spent on armies and fleets, and to abandon the expensive taste would be the greatest boon that the Sultan could confer on his subjects. But here it is not the Christian who demands our sympathy. The Mahometan has the better title to be considered the oppressed character in the Sultan's dominions; for he pays in money pretty nearly as much as his Christian fellow-subject, and he also pays a tribute of flesh and blood through a most inexorable conscription. But in these defects there is nothing that is irremediable, and if the Sultan's Government can be induced to practise economy, to revise its finances, and to do something for the material improvement of the country, particularly in the making of roads, there is nothing to prevent his subjects from advancing

rapidly in prosperity. Whether the Turkish rule be destined to overthrow is a question that time must answer; possibly it is incapable of giving Christian communities all the liberty of political and moral development which modern life demands. But there is no proof that it is essentially inconsistent with material well-being, and, while the subject races are still in their political infancy, the Government of the Porte may be made as suitable for them as another. While peace remains in Europe let the Turks make the best use of their time, for if another convulsion shakes the Continent they may be assured they will not be beyond its ravages.—*Times*.

## A SERIOUS QUESTION.

We regret the present state of the law in regard to the affiliation of illegitimate children. Why should this vast question be taboed in the House of Commons? How long is the dismal night supply of the streets to be kept up by the seducers, and how long are young children to take their chances of living at "Mother Jaggars's," and such places; while Parliament, which is so sedulous about a cattle plague or a salmon river, says and does nothing? Are those laws the perfection of justice which exact from the seducer only thirty pence sterling per week, while Mother Jaggars's lowest tariff for a child in arms is four shillings, and Mrs. Winsor's "shorter way" with infants is quite a costly affair? Cannot the laws be possibly amended in the direction of equity and morality, when they allow all the evil, all the shame, all the exposure, all the agony to fall upon the mother's head, and never cite the father into the dock to take his share of the responsibility of one human life, perhaps murdered, and another life ruined and undone? There are legislative difficulties, of course—as there were about the cattle plague; but scores of years have passed since anybody had the courage to take up this great question of the crime of seduction, which costs only gold and silver to the upper classes, but, to the lower, home, friends, hope, pity, womanhood—everything. At least, we might regulate the money penalty by what we have learned from the Jaggars and the Winsors. If half-a-crown would once have kept a baby for a week, the fact is now that a child cannot be put out for that sum. The mother must starve along with it, or else make the river bed its cradle, with a brickbat for its coral and bells, while she goes to work. Parliament may not be able to enforce a due share of responsibility and loss of character on the really guilty parents, but, at least, it might make life reasonably possible for the bastards of the poor.—*Telegraph*.

MILITARY WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—Mr. James, the inspector of weights and measures for the Woolwich district, recently presented himself at the mess-room of the Coast Brigade Royal Artillery, with a view of testing the weights and measures of the corps. The officer in charge refused to allow him to do so, and a summons was in consequence taken out by Mr. James against the officer. The case was heard before Sir T. M. Wilson, Bart., in petty sessions, when it was decided to refer the question to the War Department, and Sir John Pakington has decided that civilian inspectors ought not to examine or meddle with military measures and weights.

NEWS FROM THE HAGUE.—We hear from the Hague that the results of the elections for the Second Chamber of the States-General have been most unfavourable to the Government. Of the seventy-five members composing the Chamber (which was dissolved because the budget of the Foreign Office was rejected) fifty-three members were re-elected at once, and amongst them are twenty-eight Liberals. Four new members belonging to the Liberal party were also elected. In nine districts the returns were not decisive. The probability is that the Liberal party in the new Chamber will number thirty-seven members against thirty-eight members of the Conservative, independent, orthodox, and Catholic parties. If so, it follows of course that under a constitutional system the present Government cannot remain in office on such terms.

THE KENNINGTON-LANE MURDER.—It will be remembered that at the last session of the Central Criminal Court a man named Clark pleaded guilty to murdering, by strangulation, the child of a woman with whom he lived, in a little street off Kennington-lane. Mr. Justice Stree postponed passing sentence, in order that the prisoner's state of mind might be inquired into. It was mentioned on Tuesday in court that during the interval the prisoner had been closely watched, but not the slightest indication of insanity had been discovered in him. He perfectly understands what he has pleaded guilty to, and is aware that his life is forfeited. This being the case the sentence of death will no doubt be formally passed upon the prisoner during the present session.

CHARGE AGAINST A SOLICITOR.—Mr. Kilby, solicitor, was brought up on remand at the Mansion House, charged with converting to his own use the proceeds of four bills of exchange, with which he had been entrusted for a special purpose. Mr. Montague Williams, who appeared for the prosecution, said that after due consideration he had come to the conclusion that the evidence would be found insufficient to secure a conviction, and he, therefore, withdrew the charge. The Lord Mayor remarked that he had no doubt as to the sufficiency of the evidence, but as the prosecution was withdrawn he was bound to discharge the prisoner, which was accordingly done.

CONSERVATISM GROWING FOR POLICY.—We deem it one of the great difficulties of the Conservatives now, that they are almost precluded from originating anything. They are converted Liberals, and they will gladly accept any Liberal project on which the country has made up its mind. But they cannot go further. They cannot take the lead, and guide the nation into new Liberal paths. If we look at their speeches, there seems to be an inevitable barrenness and hollowness in them. And if this is noticeable in speeches of the more eminent among them, it is naturally far more evident in the speeches of their minor celebrities.—*Saturday Review*.

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CORN FLOUR,  
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Light Pastry.

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CORN FLOUR,  
Tins,  
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